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The Week

THE MEMORY of Theodore Roosevelt is like a great dramatic poem in many parts and many scenes and an infinite variety of moods, where every one can find a text and a parable for his needs. His life was a series of acts and prophecies, which taken as a whole are amazingly catholic in their sympathy, taken singly are the delight of the sectarian. Each attitude was so emphatic and so moving that it arrested the whole attention. To his critics he seemed at one moment a fanatical militarist; at another a fanatical progressive. Emotionally he himself was unqualifiedly whatever he was at that moment; but intellectually he was the least fanatical of men, the most painstakingly eager to balance all the elements of a decision, to move neither too quickly nor too slowly, too harshly nor too softly. This man of relentless impulse was also the man who in his considered utterances sought to remember that in a nation so vast and so varied as ours, justice is not a simple matter but a regulation of views that conflict and must be harmonized. He used the antithesis more often than any other American because he was in truth the spokesman of a multitude. In the cults he is often distorted because some section of that multitude, finding comfort in a phase of what he did or said, exploits that phase forgetting all the other things he said and did. Theodore Roosevelt will survive that. He will grow clearer as the tensions relax and the hatred fades. For there will emerge the figure who represents the vivacity of America as Lincoln represents its kindest strength.

HEARST'S effort to bedevil the chances of financial aid to Europe by talking wildly about a thirteen billion dollar loan has been fairly successful. It has resulted, for example, in a statement of the British Treasury "repudiating" Sir George Paish for a policy which he does not advocate. He comes to America as the representative of two humane enterprises, the Fight the Famine Council and the Vienna Emergency Relief Fund; he comes also to study the possibilities of reconstructing European finance, and to discuss a plan, which he never claimed was official, which he has discussed openly in the British press. That a disinterested mission of this kind should be greeted first by misrepresentation and then by the humiliation of denials and "repudiations," is deplorable.

SIR GEORGE'S plan is amply stated in the Manchester Guardian of December 18th. After pointing out that the European governments miscalculated when they believed that unsupported exchange would automatically adjust itself, he remarks that "Europe is no nearer to paying its way . . . than it was last Spring . . . the whole situa-

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tion moreover is complicated and its dangers intensified by the credit exhaustion of Europe and by the nature of the peace. In seeking to support the credit of France, of Italy, and of Belgium by demanding great sums from Germany and Austria in reparation, the credit of Germany and Austria has been destroyed." He then goes on to say that the recent demands for a large part of Germany's dock and harbor equipment, since they mean further diminution of Germany's productivity, "thereby diminish Europe's production power as a whole . . . the entente nations are not only destroying the credit of Germany, they are injuring their own credit, which now depends so largely upon Germany's power to make reparation." He then insists that "Europe cannot be self-supporting until the productive power of everyone of its constituent nations is restored. The productive power of France cannot be restored until the productive power of Germany is normal, and the productive power of Germany cannot become normal until the situation in Russia is adjusted."

WHAT Sir George Paish advocates is not an American loan to Britain for re-loan to the continent, but something diametrically different and far more interesting. He advocates a "fully formed League of Nations"—that is to say one which includes Germany and Russia. He proposes that such a League shall issue a four per cent loan carrying a sinking fund of one per cent and made free of taxation. He believes that the money needed to restock, restart and reconstruct Europe could be obtained on this security and he estimates the amount needed as about seven billion pounds, two for restarting and restocking, two for reconstructing the devastated areas, and three for repaying existing foreign debts and restoring credit. In its premises this plan agrees with the conclusions of every constructive critic of the Treaty. It lays down the inescapable truth that the reconstruction of Europe depends upon the readmission of Germany and Russia to the society of nations. It presupposes a reversal of the policy adopted at Versailles under which France plus the cordon sanitaire were to govern Europe in the name of an incomplete League of Nations.

EVENTS in Russia have taken such a decisive turn that all who read the papers now see that the Allied policy is a complete and irretrievable loss. The hoax perpetrated by the propaganda that would have represented Kolchak, Denikin and Company as the true representatives of Russia is utterly exposed. All the interventions, without exception, in North Russia, in the Baltic States, in South Russia, in Siberia are a dismal and disgraceful failure. Esthonia has agreed upon an armistice, the other Baltic states will follow as fast as the French and British agents permit them to. Denikin is routed, and the Soviet armies are approaching the Black Sea. Moscow naturally offers peace to Italy, as the Mediterranean power to which the trade of South Russia is of the most immediate importance. In Copenhagen, Litvinoff is negotiating with the British. There is good reason for believing that as 1919 saw war with Russia which was called peace, so 1920 may see peace that pretends to be war.

FROM a purely American point of view the most stupendous events are occurring in Siberia. The elimination of Kolchak in large measure, it appears, through the revolt of the Czecho-Slovaks who raised him to power, leaves just two authorities extant, that of the Soviets and that of the Japanese army. It is reported that in the secret negotiations between Japan and the United States, we have given Japan a free hand in Siberia. It is difficult to credit even our present State Department with such a blunder, with such an abject surrender. If it is true, and Congress would do well to inquire whether it is true, then the comment of Le Matin is unimpeachable: "The fear of Bolshevism has conferred on Japan a supremacy which neither her military successes of the Russo-Japanese war nor her negotiations with the Entente during the European war could give her." It will not be easy to secure the retirement of Japan from the great Siberian treasure house, nor will it be easy to hope for the liberalizing of Japan with such resources upon which to found an empire. In a world full of ironies, could anything be more ironical than that eighteen months of Russian policy should find the Soviets triumphant in Russia, and Japan master of all the strategic centers of northeastern Asia? To have antagonized the Russians, abandoned the Chinese, and aggrandized Japan, that is a record we shall live to regret.

THAT THE British General Staff is worried about the debacle is not surprising. The success of Tory obstruction in Ireland, Egypt and India and of Tory conspiracy in Russia leaves the British Empire, its credit and its productivity impaired, more dangerously overextended than at any time in its history. Britain, powerful as she is, is not powerful enough to govern by force in all the subject parts of her empire, and at the same time to make war on so great a nation as Russia. The empire has prevailed because it governed more by political consent than by military force. Today the balance is turned overwhelmingly to the use of force, and the empire

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was never more seriously threatened even in the darkest days of the war. Of course the Soviets will threaten India if they can. Are not they blockaded by the ruler of India? Of course they will stir up the Mohammedan world if they can. Are not the two great Mohammedan powers, France and Britain, their enemies? But on whom does the blame rest? Have the Soviets not offered an honorable peace, with guarantees? Did not Mr. George, General Smuts, President Wilson think that offer worth discussing? Was not the peace rejected through the influence of the dark forces in Britain and France against the better judgment of Britains and Americans at Paris? And yet, such is the elasticity and underlying common sense of British statesmanship, that we shall probably see Britain the first of the three great powers to deal realistically with the problem we call Russia, but which is really the central problem of European and Asiatic peace.

MR. LANSING'S contribution to this grievous problem is the publication on Monday morning of a memorandum prepared by the Russian Division of the State Department last October, and kept in "strictest confidence" by the State Foreign Relations Committee all this time. The purpose of publication now is to obstruct the impending peace negotiations with Russia and to prolong the chaos of eastern Europe. The argument, written when high hopes were placed upon Yudenitch and Denikin, describes the internal condition of Russia as so desperate that casual readers will wonder how Russia has managed to defeat her enemies since the memorandum was written. But the chief point made is that the Bolsheviks regard all treaties as scraps of paper. To prove this the attitude of the Bolsheviks towards the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk is adduced. In view of the fact that the Treaty of Versailles, signed by Mr. Lansing, annuls the Treaties of Brest-Litovsk, it is a little bewildering to find the American State Department weeping crocodile tears because Russia, like France in 1871, determined not to endure the terms imposed by Prussia. All the quotations given in the Sun (which prints the most complete text) refer to Brest-Litovsk with the exception of one from Zinoviev, the President of the Petrograd Soviet. He does indeed talk wildly about a "breathing space," and such talk does indicate the necessity of exacting genuine guarantees when peace is being concluded. But the real question is: Is Russia more dangerous when all Russians are treated as enemies and given every reason for undying hatred against the rest of the world than she would be if the great majority of Russians were given material reasons for decent behavior within the society of nations?

MR. DANIELS shares the honors of the week with Mr. Lansing and Mr. Palmer for obstruction to the cause of genuine peace. In a flamboyant statement to the Bulletin, a publication of the Atlantic Coast Ship Builders' Association, he urges haste in the construction of ships in order to thwart retaliatory trade measures that may be taken by foreign nations. His talk is all of future war on the sea and trade war in the meantime. Some day when the history of the peace negotiations is written, Mr. Daniels's statements about the navy and Mr. Hurley's performances as to shipping about a year ago will have a high place among the reasons why Britain and America could not cooperate at Paris to build the peace they had promised. The President, happily though tardily, has undone the mischief about the Imperator. But the boasts of presumably responsible officials about our naval and trade aggressiveness are not easily undone.

THE DIFFICULTY of conducting Presidential government without a President has not diminished. There have been rare occasions in the last months when there were signs that the government had a head. But most of the time it seems not even to have a Cabinet. How many times has the Cabinet met in the last four months? Judged by its performances the Cabinet has been balkanized, with each department head rushing he knows not whither: Mr. Lansing as irritable as he can be with Mexico; Mr. Daniels as irritable as he dares to be with Britain; Mr. Palmer determined to be the worst defeated candidate in the history of his party; Mr. Burleson preparing himself for the derision of history, and the rest silent and unobtrusive.

NO WONDER that Mr. McAdoo, the ablest of the lot, is not anxious to be the sacrificial lamb in 1920. No wonder too that Mr. Bryan is back on the front pages. For Mr. Bryan, whatever else he may be, is the one figure left in the Democratic Party who knows how to lead the party to not altogether discreditable defeat. After all, Mr. Bryan's heart, when it isn't all over the place, is fairly often in the right place. Among the Republicans Governor Coolidge's candidacy is definitely announced. His Republican opponents will have no trouble in showing that in the police strike he was by no means the hero he is painted. The time table of his movements on those fateful days will show that. General Wood is going strong though his ideas on every important subject are still unknown. Governor Lowden presents himself as a more moderate figure. Senator Hiram Johnson's chances at the moment seem to be inversely proportional to the certainty of a Republican victory. In the background there is

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one of the greatest figures of the war, the one man who by training and experience is most obviously fitted to be President in 1921. He is the candidate of the constructively minded people of America, and the man who stands higher in the estimation of Europe than any other living American. His name is Herbert Hoover. He is not a politician, therefore not a candidate. He is only a statesman of the very first rank.

THE AMERICAN Unitarian Society has published a courageous statement of "the purpose and hopes of the Unitarian Churches of America as they confront their social duties in a time of change and reconstruction." "The claim to a more equitable distribution of the profits of industry," declares the Society's statement, "is not only clamorous but just . . . Already, however, it is obvious that such a scheme, whether of industrial partnership, security of employment, increasing wages, or insurance against the vicissitudes of life, must be the product, not merely of a new mechanism of industry, but of a socialized conscience."

What about Ireland?

ALL through Europe famine draws in the circle closer and closer and everywhere the skeleton seems to peer out of an injured civilization. Between an acute condition such as Europe reveals and the political condition of Ireland there appears to be no immediate connection. Ireland is prosperous. For the first time in seventy years its population has stopped decreasing. It raises big taxes and meets a big expenditure and has a big surplus for the empire. Superficially, the Irish may be said not to know how well off they are. They have troubles, but those troubles spring, or seem to spring, simply from a state of soul.

For all this, Ireland is a country disturbed to the depths of its being. What is superficial in Ireland is not the troubled spirit of the country but its recent prosperity. This has come accidentally in wartime, chiefly because England could pay and did pay high prices for agricultural produce close at hand. Once before, during the Napoleonic wars, Ireland was similarly prosperous and similarly fecund in population. Then as now the condition was adventitious.

Ireland is diseased. It did not need the recent attempt to kill Lord French to mark its state. No day passes without news from Ireland which indicates that fresh desperation is brewing. For now, as in the past, the people and the government are at swords' points and the government is using its armed force with promptness and firmness to subdue and to punish the expression of popular will. So far there has been no extreme outrage, reprisal, massacre or "demonstration." All that exists at present is popular inflammation, excited by the suspension of trial by jury, the great extension of arbitrary search and imprisonment, the suppression of newspapers, the legal upholding of such suppression, the nation-wide suppression of national organizations, the forbidding of monthly fairs and farmers' meetings, and the harsh and sometimes brutal handling of persons arrested for these crimes. The popular manifestations are many. The aggressive symptoms range from strikes to the robbery of firearms and ammunition and the killing of policemen who attempt to enforce the law. The condition is bad. It is practically certain to become worse. And the most outspoken and resolute exponent of the policy of small-brain and big-force is the martial viceroy, Lord French.

Why should a people not threatened by famine, not seriously victimized by the war, not grievously burdened by its consequences, be so desperate in persisting against the British Government? Not for a hundred years has this government exhibited in Ireland the wanton force which condemned Austrian rule in Bohemia, White rule in Finland, Turkish rule in Armenia, or the rule of Sir Michael O'Dwyer in the Punjab at the present time? Why do the Irish stand out against the government so resolutely?

The explanation is simple. Although there are differences, the condition of Ireland is comparable to the old pathological condition of Finland, Poland, Alsace-Lorraine, Bohemia and Slesvig. It proves nothing to say that the great proportion of Irishmen do not conceive themselves to be British, though this is an indisputable fact. It even proves nothing to assert that the Irish consider that their government is conquerors' government, that in Ireland the Englishman is a man of dominant bearing aud privileged culture who gives to the "natives" a hideous and burning sense of subjection. These are emotional states that may be well or ill founded. But what proves a great deal is the actual governmental feebleness of the Irish people. They do not hold the rudder or man the engine or chart the national course. They do not possess the power to order their own soldiery. They cannot decide on the spending or raising of their own revenue. They have no control over their own judiciary or police. They have the slackest direction over their foreign trade and their trade policy in general. Good as their administration may be, and much as it may have improved in important particulars in the past fifty years, it is still not

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democratic administration or self-administration. This is the secret of Ireland's disease. Irish government is ultimately dictated government, with a clamp on popular evolution.

The element of dictation is serious even in the most benign imperialism. All government involves force, but it makes a vast difference whether the force is self-determined or from outside. Force is a poison which self-determination alone can make medicinal. The American colonies, after the pinprick of the Boston massacre, mitigated the poison at the cost of a tedious revolutionary war. Canada mitigated it, and by rebellion. South Africa mitigated it by the establishment of a constitution that gave South Africa a will of its own. But the force of the state in Ireland, in India, in Egypt, still is directed from outside and protects privilege against popular will. For this reason a great wound is suppurating within the British empire today.

It is an infection with which the whole world was threatened by Germany. Consequently the greatest principle developed by the World War was this, that no state could with impunity apply the rule of force to an inoffensive neighbor, once the neighbor had established its self-determination. The acceptance of this principle does not rule out force in government, but it rules out force applied to those who have no voice in its application. Hence every small and troubled state took refuge in this marvelous political principle — which gives illimitable status to the tiniest island or to the cheapest bit of cotton bunting that calls itself a nation's flag. And hence also the principle is dear in proportion as force is arbitrarily exercised: as, in the present instance, in Ireland.

It is only by pondering this fact of outside force that Americans can comprehend the passionate importance to Irish nationalists of the recent trend of Irish history. The Irish nationalist has found his demand for self-determination opposed by outside force at every turn. In 1914 he saw the high command of the British army refuse to support the Constitution against Ulster. He saw Ulster given immunity in importing arms and Dublin citizens slaughtered after the importation of arms. He saw a rebellion fomented, and then the remorseless execution of the Southern rebels. He saw the plans for conscription with the rule of force nakedly proclaimed by Lloyd George regardless of the issue of self-determination. By the end of 1918 he saw in Ireland 111,000 British troops, on a war footing, later reduced, but still an exhibition of sheer physical domination. This perpetual reminder of his subserviency to the outsider is the thing that makes of subserviency a disease in the nationalist and inflames the will of Ireland.

It may be said, and with point, that there are two sides to every incident enumerated in this list. What about the interests of Britain? What about Ulster and the possible imposition of nationalist outside force? What about the juncture at which the rebellion occurred? What about Casement? These are all worthy considerations and have their place in the perspective of an Irish settlement. But what fact should set the perspective of that settlement? Surely the genuine and unsatisfied claim for self-determination. An Irish settlement, as the New Statesman recently suggested, can be botched and muddled and aborted without injuring the empire immediately. But "Irish settlement is vital to Ireland." This is the political fact. It is also the human fact. It is the fact of which most Americans are now convinced.

Granted the claim, what has Britain done to meet it in the past six years? Chance after chance was presented by Ireland to English or British statesmanship, and for one reason or another these golden opportunities have been wasted. It is fair to say that Lloyd George's predecessor held the solution in his hand. In 1914, given sincerity and imagination and courage, Mr. Asquith could have put through an agreement that might have held and fused England and Ireland in the war. That would have been a cheap solution, so far as an Irish acceptance of compromise was concerned. But Mr. Asquith did not possess the requisite sincerity and imagination and courage. When the iron was hot he was cold; and he was not hot until the iron was cold. In the absence of an understanding, it is important to remember, the European war acted as a ferment in the Irish mind and will. It strengthened in Ireland precisely that sense of differences which it was the business of the British Liberal to forestall. Men like Lord Kitchener were allowed to accentuate those differences in the matter of recruiting, and the activity of the government in discriminating against the Southern volunteers unfailingly ripened the rebellion of 1916. Here again, after the rebellion, there was another opportunity to mark sameness, not difference, between the people in Ireland and the people in Britain. But the military tribunals demanded blood and Mr. Asquith was too weak to refuse them. Then, too late, he grasped the nationalistic importance of the executions. He made way for Lloyd George only after he had given the national will of Ireland a most powerful impetus. It was obvious under such circumstances that it was idle to ask Irish nationalists to enlist in a European war for self-determination. The new premier determined, therefore, to "solve" the Irish question. His method, as we know, was to appoint a "national" convention—ignoring the

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Sinn Fein, on the one hand, and, on the other, pledging himself not to force Ulster. Did this program offer a solution? We know that before the outcome of the convention was even considered Lloyd George asked the House of Commons to enforce Irish conscription—a proposal which perfected the solidarity of Irish national will. In the general election of December, 1918, the Irish people showed the evolution of their demands by electing 73 members to the British parliament whose open program it was to disregard the British constitution altogether, to remain in Ireland, to organize a provisional government and so strive to create a de facto republic. This body, as we may remember, was soon suppressed, and the government of Ireland has since become in effect the government of a militarily "occupied" country. Meanwhile Lloyd George has devoted his energies to a plan for the amelioration of this terrible and hysterical condition, and this plan he has now placed before the world.

It seems fairly clear to Americans that the test of this plan should be the sincerity of its effort to meet the problem of Irish self-determination. It is not a hurried plan, intended to placate the Irish terrorist. The Britain "that destroyed the greatest military empire in the world, largely through its own power," is conceding nothing through fear, as Lloyd George says. His is a cool and deliberate scheme, especially intended for those who base their impatience with Irish agitation on the ultimate decency and goodwill of Britain. No one is in any doubt as to the round claims of nationalist Ireland. How far does England go to meet them?

Not very far. Remembering the *nationalistic* demands of Ireland, the Lloyd George measure falls seriously short. It decrees that customs and excise are to be controlled by the imperial parliament, as well as the income tax and excess taxes. It decrees that the higher judiciary is also to be appointed from Britain. The army and navy, of course, are to be under the imperial parliament; also the post-office; and Ireland is to contribute a fixed sum to the imperial services. To these limitations on self-government the nationalistic Irish have expressed profound objection. Even greater objection is expressed to the idea of Westminster's decreeing the division of Ireland into two legislative "states" with a consultative council between them. Such a compromise might solve the Ulster difficulty, if it could secure the consent of Ireland; but so much of the Ulster difficulty has been fomented in Britain and been used by British tories to destroy Irish nationalism, that the consent of nationalists—who form 75 per cent of the population—cannot be secured. The nationalists assert that Ulster is a typical national minority of the sort that has been created and at the same time safeguarded and guaranteed in the case of half a dozen new states sanctioned by the Peace Conference. To limit the powers of a self-governing Ireland, as Lloyd George proposes, seems less egregious than to decide from outside how the national minority is to legislate for Ireland. This is the main tenor of the nationalistic criticism, with Ulster silent.

It is characteristic of Lloyd George that in outlining this scheme he should have taken occasion to direct some amiable and flattering attention to the United States. This settlement, he explained, was to "compose an old family quarrel." It was to confer on Ireland two legislatures that would have powers like the states in the Union. It was to avert any attempt at secession. "Any attempt at secession will be fought with the same determination, with the same resources and the same resolve as the Northern States of America put into the fight with the Southern States. It is important that that should be known not merely throughout the world but in Ireland itself." A free Ireland in the late war, he reminds Americans, might have been hostile, and "Britain and her allies might have been cut off from the dominions and from the United States."

Perhaps it is because of these friendly references, so humorously received in Ireland, that Mr. George's new plan has had such a good reception in American newspapers. A broad and liberal plan, the New York Times declares, and so declare a general chorus of editorials. But pleasant as it is to have the American model followed and the American principle vindicated the whole question goes deeper. The thing that is needed is real friendliness; the friendliness of the recognition of a common principle.

The naked fact about Lloyd George's proposal for Ireland would seem to be this: it has nothing to do with self-determination. Lloyd George is not a Home Ruler. "He never believed in Gladstonian Home Rule," as Mr. Herbert Sidebotham declared in his Appreciation in the November Atlantic, "or in any sort of Home Rule for Ireland that would not apply equally well to Wales." He has no real sympathy with the essential nationalistic character of Home Rule. He is a British statesman whose "Irish views approximate to those of Chamberlain," who fears Sir Edward Carson, who believes that Ulster may be utilized federally, who sees his way out by the forcing of "devolution" all round. Heretofore the British parliament has tried to manage the affairs of the British Isles while wearing a unitary mitten. Now two fingers are to be poked through the mitten; one Ulster, the other

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Southern Ireland. Later on Scotland and Wales and England will find themselves with similar parliaments, the five legislative fingers of the original Westminster hand. This present plan is put forward without any suggestion of the whole mature program. But there is nothing in the plan to handicap or qualify any such program. On the contrary, this devolvement of powers on two local legislatures in Ireland will pave the way for an admirable legislative and administrative readjustment in the British Isles.

As a proposition in regard to British devolution, then, this scheme of Lloyd George's is to be taken seriously. Is it to be taken seriously in regard to the rights and claims of Irishmen? Can the Irish problem be reduced to a problem of municipal machinery? Is it simply a problem of decentralization? Or is it rather a problem of self-determination, with many imponderable as well as ponderable elements? Lloyd George does not side-step this issue. He is cool enough and ingenious enough to admit it. He seeks to eliminate it in this fashion: "Ireland has never been so alienated from British rule as it is today. Therefore the grievance, such as it is, is not material. Irishmen claim the right to control their own *domestic* concerns without interference from Englishmen, Scotsmen or Welshmen. That is a fundamental fact. They have fought for it for hundreds of years. They have never held it so tenaciously as they do today." The questionableness here is with the word "domestic." It repeats the original weasel device of calling the "quarrel" between England and Ireland "an old family quarrel"—except insofar as the two peoples are both members of the human family. It is true that for hundreds of years on and off the Irish have fought the English. They have fought them for precisely the same reasons that any invaded people has fought the invader—in about the same "family spirit." To present this question as a family question, a question of gas inspectors and dog licenses, is dishonest.

This does not mean that Irishmen scorn full control over education, transportation, land, agriculture, roads and bridges, old age pensions, insurance, magistrates, hospitals, lunatic asylums and graveyards. It does not even mean that the partition of these responsibilities between Ulster and the South of Ireland, as proposed by the bill, is unthinkable to Irishmen. But it does surely mean that such a proposal is not a settlement of the Irish question.

How does this appear in the event? The Sinn Fein have laughed at the scheme. So has organized labor in Ireland ("the plan is unworthy of serious consideration. It is manifestly for export only"). But more damaging and more relevant is the criticism of such men as George Russell and Sir Horace Plunkett. These two men, the best friends that the United Kingdom has in Ireland, are guarded against criticizing Lloyd George, but they nevertheless handle his scheme with destructive candor.

Says George Russell, the leading Irish economist, "There is nothing in the proposals calculated to produce reconciliation, and there is no reason why the Sinn Fein should cease working for the destruction of the British empire. Under Lloyd George's proposals Great Britain would retain complete control over taxation and the trade policy and economic development of Ireland, which means that Ireland would be given, not self-government, but certain administrative powers."

Sir Horace Plunkett's weekly adumbrated the scheme some weeks ago, pointing out that "Westminster is not the proper place to arrange the internal constitution of Ireland, the safeguarding of minorities, the soothing of Ulster fears." It stigmatized the Council that is to link the two legislatures as "intended to be the creature and puppet of the Castle," "an object fit only for an expeditious burial."

Somewhat later Sir Horace Plunkett sent a message to America: "We are promised in a few days," he said, "the announcement of a bill to provide self-government for Ireland. The Irish people have had no hand or part in framing the government they are to work. They have not the faintest notion what it is going to be. One minister in the secret has publicly disclosed that they [the Irish] will unanimously denounce it when its terms are known. We may therefore confidently assert that this is at best merely marking time, at worst a device of political opportunism in lieu of statesmanship."

To call such a measure "liberal and broad" is possible only to easy ignorant journalism. It is, on the contrary, a measure ludicrously inapplicable to the present situation of Ireland.

With Sinn Fein in command of Ireland, Britain has for some time been faced with the necessity of bidding powerfully and intelligently for the backing of a large body of Irishmen. Sir Horace Plunkett proposes the status of a dominion. This status, adapted to the needs of Ireland by a popularly elected constituent assembly, might conceivably be tolerated, at least tentatively, by all except the more inflexible Sinn Fein. A dominion is not a republic but, granted the resistance of Britain to a republic, many of the moderate Sinn Fein might be found ready to accept such a dominion and willing to regard it as provisional self-determination.

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What Lloyd George has done to meet this state of affairs is to approach Ireland with a municipal proposal, supported by troops and guns. This is a policy with which we cannot sympathize. His proposal treats a problem of self-determination in a spirit contrary to the spirit professed by the Allies in the war. Out of such manipulation the Irish question can manifestly never be settled. The disease of Ireland is too real, the remedies too obvious. The United States has not yet shown any likelihood of recognizing the Sinn Fein Republic, Lloyd George's solemn warning notwithstanding. But it is easier to contemplate recognizing a Sinn Fein Republic than welcoming this policy. The issue of Irish self-determination is a real one. It has not been faced. It can be faced.

Medals and Demotions

FOR an officer in the regular army the return of peace is a good deal what life would have been to Cinderella if no prince had fallen in love with her, and she had had to go back to the kitchen after the ball. To be a captain after you have been a general, a first lieutenant after you have been a colonel is not a pleasant experience measured either in income or in dignity. The predicament of the regular officer is a real one. He knows that in the career for which he has fitted himself, for which he has sacrificed money and ease and comfort, he can never be so great as he has already been. That glorious future is behind him. No wonder he cares enormously about medals and rank. Cinderella returning to the kitchen would also have liked to preserve some souvenir of the one great affair of her life.

The ethics of the service does not provide the normal rewards of a business career. In the first place to be a regular officer is, in the absence of a rich wife or an inheritance, to be a poor man. The pay of lieutenants is below that which the Department of Labor regards as a living wage. The pay of captains and majors allows little elbow room. Even a general's pay under present prices provides little above the standard of life marked by the ownership of a Ford. The half dozen most successful army officers are nothing but poor relations compared to the more insignificant railroad presidents. Here there is a profession requiring great knowledge and great devotion where the rewards must come from a source that is not economic.

They come in part from the interest of the work itself. Some men enjoy command, organization, precision and the fellowship of army life. They are engrossed by the military tradition, they are conscious of the fact that mankind, for good or for evil, is more impressed by its soldiers than by its saints. All these are incentives to carry on. And yet as incentives they tend to fail unless there is some visible token. Hence, all rationalization about discipline aside, the appetite for insignia, for caste distinction, for the prerogatives of rank, for medals. The instinct of workmanship in almost all men needs to be supplemented by some kind of public honor before it is effective. Even the most solitary higher mathematician, scorning the curiosity of the Sunday newspaper reader is provoked by the thought of an invisible Parthenon where he will sit.

Aristotle's list of the elements of honor was as follows: "sacrifices; records in verse or prose; privileges; grants of domain; chief seats; public funerals; statues; maintenance at the public cost; barbaric homage." Of the funerals the demoted officer hardly wishes to think; of the statues he cannot bear to think; of the chief seat there is only one who is actively thinking; the privileges are few; the records in verse or prose, except those of Mr. Isaac Marcosson, perversely anonymous; the grants nil; the maintenance poor. There remain medals. And here a conflict has arisen between Admiral Sims who is thinking of the efficiency of the service and Secretary Daniels who has a nose for news. For at bottom the difference between them is philosophical. Admiral Sims wishes to reward work that was inconspicuous because it was successful; Mr. Daniels has tried to decorate work that was conspicuous when it was not discreditable.

If Congress undertakes an investigation it might add to the gaiety of the League of Nations by turning up the whole question of medals and ribbons whenever Americans are involved. It might find out, casually, about the great art of wangling as a result of which one gentleman was decorated for his excellent translation of a French document, and another for riding on the train with some Serbs, and a third for writing such impartial news accounts of the Peace Conference, and a fourth for having the right views on the disposition of Syria, and a fifth for living at the Crillon Hotel, and a sixth for selling chocolate to a small nationality, and a seventh for going to dances at Paris with a colonel, and so on down the list of those who were decorated by mistake because the smaller nationalities did not realize that there was more than one Jones in America. And when the whole thing was known Congress, sustained by an amused public opinion, might make it illegal for any American citizen to accept a decoration from any foreign government except for bravery in the face of the enemy in a legally declared war.

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Deporting a Political Party

WHEN the Imperial Japanese Government, some years ago, made wholesale arrests of Socialist leaders, on the ground that their activities were against the interests of the government, Americans, however much they might dislike the Socialists, were proud of the fact that in this country such proceedings would never be countenanced. That Bismarckian anti-socialist laws were as futile as they were ethically indefensible, was one of the axioms of political wisdom inculcated in our colleges, and proclaimed in Congress and on the platform. Even today it is one of the most telling counts in the popular indictment of Soviet Russia, that it has suppressed independent newspapers which dared agitate against the Soviet government and Soviet constitution.

Here in the United States, so we had believed, such methods were abhorrent to that "fierce spirit of liberty" which Burke once proclaimed as America's chief characteristic. In the United States, government rests on the consent of the governed, not on arbitrary power. American institutions are secure because the great majority of the people believe in them, not because a few public officials maintain them by force. If a minority does not believe in American institutions, let them hire a hall and vent their opinions until they are hoarse. Let them work their printing presses to their hearts' content, so long as they do not counsel crime or directly instigate violence. Since the overwhelming majority of the people believe in American institutions, and in orderly and democratic progress, the fulmination of a discontented minority will fall on deaf ears. It may, perhaps, perform the useful function of calling our attention to existing grievances, but it can accomplish its objects only if it can convince a large number of safe and sane Americans that their accustomed institutions are iniquitous. It has always been a part of our faith that such an attempt could not succeed.

Yet today, when England, France, Italy, even Germany, permit independent socialists, communists and Bolshevist sympathizers to carry on orderly propaganda, to organize parties, and to participate in political campaigns, the United States, led by Mr. Palmer, has let itself be frightened into a fantastic attempt to annihilate a radical political minority by imprisonment and deportation. That is what Mr. Palmer's nation-wide raids mean, nothing less. There is no pretense that the few thousand victims of the round-up had counselled crime or instigated violence. Even the anonymous suggestions of nearby revolution were so utterly silly that even Mr. Palmer cannot have taken them seriously. The men and women who were arrested were charged simply and solely with being members of the Communist or Communist Labor parties. Adherence to the platform of these parties, publicly adopted in open convention a few months ago, was deemed sufficient to warrant deportation and imprisonment.

The platform of the Communist party has now, thanks to Mr. Palmer, been published in whole or in part in all the leading newspapers of the country. Fortunately the new sedition law has not yet been enacted by Congress, or Mr. Palmer might find himself, together with some very respectable newspapers, liable to prosecution for circulating seditious matter. We can take advantage of the period of temporary immunity, however, to examine the published extracts which Mr. Palmer considers so menacing to American institutions. The Communist party proclaims itself to be "the party of the working class," and proposes to "end capitalism and organize a workers' industrial republic." It claims to be the "conscious expression of the class struggle of the workers against capitalism." "Its aim is to direct this struggle to the conquest of political power, the overthrow of capitalism and the destruction of the bourgeois state," and more to the same effect, obviously culled from the historic literature of Marxian socialism. If Mr. Palmer were a student of contemporary social thought he would know that bombastic pronunciamentoes of this sort, cast in the jargon of "scientific" socialism, have been circulated in Europe since 1848, and in this country for nearly half a century, without disturbing anyone. If he had any common sense, he would recognize the absurdity of believing that a few thousand uneducated fanatics, armed with the ancient Marxian dogmas, could actually imperil our institutions, or make any appreciable progress toward the "establishment of a Soviet form of government, similar to that which now obtains in Russia."

Mr. Palmer believes that he has "broken the back" of the Communist movement in the United States. We venture to say that he has given it an enormous impetus. He has not only given its principles and its literature a publicity which a propaganda fund of a million dollars could not have achieved, but he has done his best to verify the premise upon which the appeal of the Communist party mainly rests. The Communist believes that the present government does not rest on the consent of the governed, and that it is only by the forcible suppression of radical criticism that it protects itself against violent overthrow. The belief, of course, is absurd, but Mr. Palmer has shown by word and deed that he shares it.

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Japan and Siberia

ALLIED policy in Siberia is undergoing radical revision: so much is plain. The British General Knox, the creator of Kolchak and his brand of "All Russian" government, has gone home. British credit, the breath of life of that government, has ceased to flow; it will not flow again for Kolchak or any possible successor of Kolchak's. The forty-five thousand Czecho-Slovaks, who have all along been the only really reliable military resource of the dictatorship, are leaving, and in the process of leaving, they are exhibiting a degree of contempt for Kolchak that is startling even to those who have long known that the whole Allied Siberian policy rested on a foundation of self-deception and unscrupulous propaganda. Examine Kolchak's appeal to the Allied representatives, dated December 17th. " Czechs are stopping all trains in Siberia with the exception of those under Czech detachment escorts. Today my locomotive was seized and the chief officer of my escort arrested. Such action is being repeated all along the line from Marinsk . . . The Supreme Ruler and Commander in Chief of the Russian armies has been subjected to threats and insults." Dr. Girsa, the representative of the Czech government has explained to the inter-Allied command that the Czechs refused to assist Kolchak as Supreme Ruler but would escort him safely to Vladivostok if he applied for assistance as a private citizen. Manifestly it is time for the Czechs to be repatriated and for the rest of us to forget about Kolchak. The invention of Kolchak by General Knox has imposed upon Siberia the cost of tens of thousands of lives and upon his own government and ours the cost of hundreds of millions of dollars. Our part in the cost we may as well charge up to experience in imperialistic intrigue.

But the Siberian episode does not so simply disappear from the international account books. We shall presently get out of Siberia, but how about our friends and allies, the Japanese? It was out of sheer stupidity, not malice or interest that we gave our sanction to the destruction of the democratic anti-Bolshevist Omsk government and the substitution of the Tsaristic dictatorship of Kolchak. When the Kolchak propaganda made Bolshevism out of every sign of discontent with the dictator's intolerable rule, we said Amen, being too lazy to try to understand what it was all about. The Japanese also said Amen, but with better understanding. For the purposes of Japanese imperialism it was highly important that the western nations should believe that all the opponents of Kolchak—practically the whole Siberian population, were Anarchists and Bolsheviki. For then the western world might be prepared to give Japan a free hand upon the inevitable collapse of Kolchak. Now Kolchak has collapsed and Japan is sounding out western opinion, with the confident expectation that she will profit by the misconceptions planted by the "All Russian" propaganda.

Note Premier Hara's Christmas Day proclamation. "The Japanese cannot afford to permit the dangerous Red influence to touch their territory, and we must protect ourselves against it as we would against a great scourge. . . . We plan to go hand in hand with America. But whatever happens, either in the Allied councils or within Siberia, we must protect ourselves." This is interpreted by the interviewer as a clear indication that the "Reds" will not be permitted to go beyond Lake Baikal. That is an assertion of Japanese "influence" extending up to Baikal. The Prince asserts, to be sure, that Japan does not mean to take a single foot of Siberian soil. But Japan would not admit that she has taken a foot of Chinese soil, though she holds Southern Manchuria and Shantung.

When a government is intelligent, as that of Japan is intelligent, much light on its intentions can be inferred from the facts of geography. Let us examine, then, the relation to Japan, economic and military, of this section of Siberia east of Baikal, into which "Red" influence shall not be permitted to penetrate, or in straight non-propagandist English, in which political and economic affairs shall be subject to Japanese oversight.

It is a territory of rather more than two and a half million square miles, if we include the frozen wastes up to the Arctic. In 1907 the whole population amounted to little more than a million and a half; it may be as high as two million now, but that is rather doubtful. There is relatively little corn land, considerable stretches of grazing lands and extensive and valuable forests. The mineral wealth, though scarcely explored, is known to be very great. There is not much coal, and probably little petroleum, although the fields on the east of Lake Baikal and in northern Sakhalin are promising. There are deposits of iron of fair quality in the Amur province and very rich deposits in the Maritime Provinces, near tide water and easily brought into relation with the coking coal of Sakhalin. Gold abounds, but in deposits that can hardly be worked profitably except by large scale enterprise. There is also apparently much silver and copper, some tin and lead, antimony, mercury, etc. Altogether, the indications of mineral wealth are so promising that the Russian geological authorities used to boast that in

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time—a century hence, perhaps,—this territory would become the chief mineral source of the world. Of this possibility the Japanese are quite aware. They are looking ahead, somewhat farther ahead than we did when we acquired Alaska.

Add to these considerations the fact that Eastern Siberia touches Korea and envelops Northern Manchuria in a great fold whose character naturally vindicated the Russian claim to predominant influence in that section of Chinese soil; add also that if ever Russian militancy revives, Japan will have warships at Vladivostok to outbuild, and even if Russia remains peaceably inclined, the Maritime Provinces are bound sooner or later to compete vigorously in the North Pacific fisheries. Why, then, is it not shrewd policy on the part of Japan, now when the whole world seems willing to have anything whatever done to Red Russia, to effect a dissociation of Eastern Siberia from the west? It should not prove a difficult police task to "restore order" in the towns of the seaboard and along the Trans-Siberian railway and the Amur river. A scattered million and a half, chiefly peasants and workmen, would offer little resistance to a Japanese gendarmerie. And no one imagines that a Japanese division would find it hard to prevent any forces the Soviet government could organize from passing through the defiles south of Lake Baikal.

Such are some of the considerations the Japanese statesmen are turning over in their minds while they talk persuasively about the "Red menace." As a matter of common sense, the Reds are not menacing Japan, directly. That scattered population east of Baikal is too slender to furnish Red armies to go crusading against anyone. The country affords no surplus food for armies brought in from western Siberia and old Russia. Neither can the Trans-Siberian road under Red management, munition and supply an army east of Baikal. To be sure, the Japanese spokesmen will assert that they are afraid not of the physical force of the Reds, but of their propaganda. That propaganda will not be excluded from the East by Japanese control up to Baikal. Such control will not prevent the penetration of Red missionaries into China from Turkestan and Mongolia, and it is in China especially where the Red movement might prove menacing, if Japan presses her imperialistic policy as ruthlessly as she has done in Korea and Manchuria.

Japan's own political and economic institutions are not in the least threatened by any Red menace emanating from Eastern Siberia. She conceives this to be the opportune time for aggrandizing herself: that is all. She has become convinced that our own state department is in such a state of abject panic over the supposed dangers of a Red Siberia that she can do what she pleases with our consent. Perhaps she is right. The dispatches from Washington intimate so plainly that America will interpose no objections to Japanese designs that even the Paris Temps cries out in amazement over our blindness to our own vital interests and to sound international policy.

It is time for Washington to wake up from its dreams and nightmares and take a clear view of the future. "The Bolshevist menace" is something that in the natural course of events will disappear and be forgotten. A more or less democratic, more or less socialistic regime will prevail throughout the domains of the former Russian empire, a regime which we can afford to recognize and do business with. It is unbelievable that the Bolshevist regime, such as we conceive it to be, can survive many years, or even months, once it has lost the patriotic support that it has been able to enlist against foreign attack..

Japanese imperialistic militancy is another matter. Every advance it makes strengthens the military and naval party at the expense of the industrial and commercial parties with which we could live at peace. Let Japan seize Eastern Siberia and the saner elements in Japanese political life will struggle in vain to keep the imperialists from reaching out after the complete mastery of the Orient. The Orient can, however, be mastered by one nation, only if that nation controls the Pacific; and America is a nation that can not afford to see the Pacific a Japanese lake.

Mr. Lansing wants peace for the world and peace for America. He ought to be on his guard lest he slips his country into an agreement which means ultimately war for America and the world.

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Europe After the Treaty

This article is another chapter of the book, Economic Consequences of the Peace, soon to be published by Harcourt, Brace and Howe. The writer was the principal representative of the British Treasury at the Paris Peace Conference and sat as deputy for the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Supreme Economic Council up to June 7, 1919.

THIS chapter must be one of pessimism. The Treaty includes no provisions for the economic rehabilitation of Europe,—nothing to make the defeated Central Empires into good neighbors, nothing to stabilize the new states of Europe, nothing to reclaim Russia; nor does it promote in any way a compact of economic solidarity amongst the Allies themselves; no arrangement was reached at Paris for restoring the disordered finances of France and Italy, or to adjust the systems of the Old World and the New.

The Council of Four paid no attention to these issues, being preoccupied with others,—Clemenceau to crush the economic life of his enemy, Lloyd George to do a deal and bring home something which would pass muster for a week, the President to do nothing that was not just and right. It is an extraordinary fact that the fundamental economic problems of a Europe starving and disintegrating before their eyes, was the one question in which it was impossible to arouse the interest of the Four. Reparation was their main excursion into the economic field, and they settled it as a problem of theology, of politics, of electoral chicane, from every point of view except that of the economic future of the states whose destiny they were handling.

I leave, from this point onward, Paris, the Conference, and the Treaty, briefly to consider the present situation of Europe, as the war and the peace have made it; and it will no longer be my purpose to distinguish between the inevitable fruits of the war and the avoidable misfortunes of the peace.

The essential facts of the situation, as I see them, are expressed simply. Europe consists of the densest aggregation of population in the history of the world. This population is accustomed to a relatively high standard of life, in which, even now, some sections of it anticipate improvement rather than deterioration. In relation to other continents Europe is not self-sufficient; in particular it cannot feed itself. Internally the population is not evenly distributed, but much of it is crowded into a relatively small number of dense industrial centers. This population secured for itself a livelihood before the war, without much margin of surplus, by means of a delicate and immensely complicated organization, of which the foundations were supported by coal, iron, transport, and an unbroken supply of imported food and raw materials from other continents. By the destruction of this organization and the interruption of the stream of supplies, a part of this population is deprived of its means of livelihood. Emigration is not open to the redundant surplus. For it would take years to transport them overseas, even, which is not the case, if countries could be found which were ready to receive them. The danger confronting us, therefore, is the rapid depression of the standard of life of the European populations to a point which will mean actual starvation for some (a point already reached in Russia and approximately reached in Austria). Men will not always die quietly. For starvation, which brings to some lethargy and a helpless despair, drives other temperaments to the nervous instability of hysteria and to a mad despair. And these in their distress may overturn the remnants of organization, and submerge civilization itself in their attempts to satisfy desperately the overwhelming needs of the individual. This is the danger against which all our resources and courage and idealism must now cooperate.

On the 13th of May 1919, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau addressed to the Peace Conference of the Allied and Associated Powers the Report of the German Economic Commission charged with the study of the effect of the conditions of peace on the situation of the German population. "In the course of the last two generations," they reported, "Germany has become transformed from an agricultural state to an industrial state. So long as she was an agricultural state, Germany could feed forty million inhabitants. As an industrial state she could ensure the means of subsistence for a population of sixty-seven millions; and in 1913 the importation of food-stuffs amounted, in round figures, to twelve million tons. Before the war a total of fifteen million persons in Germany provided for their existence by foreign trade, navigation, and the use, directly or indirectly, of foreign raw material." After rehearsing the main relevant provisions of the Peace Treaty the report continues: "After this diminution of her products, after the economic depression resulting from the loss of her colonies, her merchant fleet and her foreign investments, Germany will not be in a position to import from abroad an adequate quantity

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of raw material. An enormous part of German industry will, therefore, be condemned inevitably to destruction. The need of importing food-stuffs will increase considerably at the same time that the possibility of satisfying this demand is as greatly diminished. In a very short time, therefore, Germany will not be in a position to give bread and work to her numerous millions of inhabitants, who are prevented from earning their livelihood by navigation and trade. These persons should emigrate, but this is a material impossibility, all the more because many countries and the most important ones will oppose any German immigration. To put the peace conditions into execution would logically involve, therefore, the loss of several millions of persons in Germany. This catastrophe would not be long in coming about, seeing that the health of the population has been broken down during the war by the blockade, and during the armistice by the aggravation of the blockade of famine. No help, however great, or over however long a period it were continued, could prevent these deaths en masse." "We do not know, and indeed we doubt," the report concludes, "whether the delegates of the Allied and Associated Powers realize the inevitable consequences which will take place if Germany, an industrial state, very thickly populated, closely bound up with the economic system of the world, and under the necessity of importing enormous quantities of raw material and food-stuffs, suddenly finds herself pushed back to the phase of her development, which corresponds to her economic condition and the numbers of her population as they were half a century ago. Those who sign this Treaty will sign the death sentence of many millions of German men, women and children."

I know of no adequate answer to these words. The indictment is at least as true of the Austrian, as of the German, settlement. This is the fundamental problem in front of us, before which questions of territorial adjustment and the balance of European power are insignificant. Some of the catastrophes of past history, which have thrown back human progress for centuries, have been due to the reactions following on the sudden termination, whether in the course of nature or by the act of man, of temporarily favorable conditions which have permitted the growth of population beyond what could be provided for when the favorable conditions were at an end.

The significant features of the immediate situation can be grouped under three heads: first, the absolute falling off, for the time being, in Europe's internal productivity; second, the breakdown of transport and exchange by means of which its products could be conveyed where they were most wanted; and third, the inability of Europe to purchase its usual supplies from overseas.

The decrease of productivity cannot be easily estimated, and may be the subject of exaggeration. But the prima facie evidence of it is overwhelming, and this factor has been the main burden of Mr. Hoover's well-considered warnings. A variety of causes have produced it:—violent and prolonged internal disorder as in Russia and Hungary; the creation of new governments and their inexperience in the readjustment of economic relations, as in Poland and Czecho-Slovakia; the loss throughout the continent of efficient labor, through the casualties of war or the continuance of mobilization; the falling-off in efficiency through continued under-feeding in the Central Empires; the exhaustion of the soil from lack of the usual applications of artificial manures throughout the course of the war; the unsettlement of the minds of the laboring classes on the fundamental economic issues of their lives. But above all (to quote Mr. Hoover), "there is a great relaxation of effort as the reflex of physical exhaustion of large sections of the population from privation and the mental and physical strain of the war." Many persons are for one reason or another out of employment altogether. According to Mr. Hoover, a summary of the unemployment bureaus in Europe in July, 1919, showed that 15,000,000 families were receiving unemployment allowances in one form or another, and were being paid in the main by a constant inflation of currency. In Germany there is the added deterrent to labor and to capital (in so far as the reparation terms are taken literally), that anything, which they may produce beyond the barest level of subsistence, will for years to come be taken away from them.

Such definite data as we possess do not add much, perhaps, to the general picture of decay. But I will remind the reader of one or two of them. The coal production of Europe as a whole is estimated to have fallen off by thirty per cent; and upon coal the greater part of the industries of Europe and the whole of her transport system depend. Whereas before the war Germany produced eighty-five per cent of the total food consumed by her inhabitants, the productivity of the soil is now diminished by forty per cent and the effective quality of the live stock by fifty-five per cent.[1] Of the European countries which formerly possessed a large exportable surplus, Russia, as much by reason of deficient transport as of diminished output, may herself starve. Hungary, apart from her other troubles, has been pillaged by the Rumanians immediately after harvest.

[1] Professor Starling's Report on Food Conditions in Germany. [Cmd. 280.]

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Austria will have consumed the whole of her own harvest for 1919 before the end of the calendar year. The figures are almost too overwhelming to carry conviction to our minds; if they were not quite so bad, our belief in them might be stronger.

But even when coal can be got and grain harvested, the breakdown of the European railway system prevents their carriage; and even when goods can be manufactured, the breakdown of the European currency system prevents their sale. I have already described the losses, by war and under the armistice surrenders, to the transport system of Germany. But even so, Germany's position, taking account of her power of replacement by manufacture, is probably not so serious as that of some of her neighbors. In Russia (about which, however, we have very little exact or accurate information) the condition of the rolling-stock is believed to be altogether desperate, and one of the most fundamental factors in her existing economic disorder. And in Poland, Rumania and Hungary the position is not much better. Yet modern industrial life essentially depends on efficient transport facilities, and the population which secured its livelihood by these means cannot continue to live without them. The breakdown of currency, and the distrust in its purchasing value, is an aggravation of these evils which must be discussed in a little more detail in connection with foreign trade.

What then is our picture of Europe? A country population able to support life on the fruits of its own agricultural production but without the accustomed surplus for the towns, and also (as a result of the lack of imported materials and so of variety and amount in the saleable manufactures of the towns) without the usual incentives to market food in return for other wares, an industrial population unable to keep its strength for lack of food, unable to earn a livelihood for lack of materials, and so unable to make good by imports from abroad the failure of productivity at home . Yet, according to Mr. Hoover, "a rough estimate would indicate that the population of Europe is at least 100,000,000 greater than can be supported without imports, and must live by the production and distribution of exports."

The problem of the re-inauguration of the perpetual circle of production and exchange in foreign trade leads me to a necessary digression on the currency situation of Europe.

Lenin is said to have declared that the best way to destroy the Capitalist System was to debauch the currency. By a continuing process of inflation, governments can confiscate, secretly and unobserved, an important part of the wealth of their citizens. By this method they not only confiscate, but they confiscate *arbitrarily;* and, while the process impoverishes many, it actually enriches some. The sight of this arbitrary rearrangement of riches strikes not only at security, but at confidence in the equity of the existing distribution of wealth. Those to whom the system brings windfalls beyond their deserts and even beyond their expectations or desires, become "profiteers," who are the object of the hatred of the bourgeosie whom the inflationism has impoverished, not less than of the proletariat. As the inflation proceeds and the real value of the currency fluctuates wildly from month to month, all permanent relations between debtors and creditors, which form the ultimate foundation of capitalism, become so utterly disordered as to be almost meaningless; and the process of wealth-getting degenerates into a gamble and a lottery.

Lenin was certainly right. There is no subtler, no surer means of overturning the existing basis of society than to debauch the currency. The process engages all the hidden forces of economic law on the side of destruction, and does it in a manner which not one man in a million is able to diagnose.

In the latter stages of the war all the belligerent governments practiced, from necessity or incompetence, what a Bolshevist might have done from design. Even now, when the war is over, most of them continue out of weakness the same malpractices. But further, the governments of Europe, being many of them at this moment reckless in their methods as well as weak, seek to direct on to a class known as "profiteers" the popular indignation against the more obvious consequences of their vicious methods. These "profiteers" are, broadly speaking, the entrepreneur class of capitalists, that is to say, the active and constructive element in the whole capitalist society, who in a period of rapidly rising prices cannot help but get rich quick whether they wish it or desire it or not. If prices are continually rising, every trader who has purchased for stock or owns property and plant-inevitably makes profits. By directing hatred against this class, therefore, the European governments are carrying a step further the fatal process which the subtle mind of Lenin had consciously conceived. The profiteers are a consequence and not a cause of rising prices. By combining a popular hatred of the class of entrepreneurs with the blow already given to social security by the violent and arbitrary disturbance of contract and of the established equilibrium of wealth which is the inevitable result of inflation, these governments are fast rendering impossible a continuance of the social and economic order of the nineteenth century. But they have no plan for replacing it.

We are thus faced in Europe with the spectacle of an extraordinary weakness on the part of the

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great capitalist class, which has emerged from the industrial triumphs of the nineteenth century, and seemed a very few years ago our all-powerful master. The terror and personal timidity of the individuals of this class is now so great, their confidence in their place in society and in their necessity to the social organism so diminished, that they are the easy victims of intimidation. This was not so in England twenty-five years ago, any more than it is now in the United States. Then the capitalists believed in themselves, in their value to society, in the propriety of their continued existence, in the full enjoyment of their riches and the unlimited exercise of their power. Now they tremble before every insult;—call them pro-Germans, international financiers, or profiteers, and they will give you any ransom you choose to ask not to speak of them so harshly. They allow themselves to be ruined and altogether undone by their own instruments, governments of their own making, and a press of which they are the proprietors. Perhaps it is historically true that no order of society ever perishes save by its own hand. In the complexer world of western Europe the Immanent Will may achieve its ends more subtly and bring in the revolution no less inevitably through a Klotz or a George than by the intellectualism, too ruthless and self-conscious for us, of the bloodthirsty philosophers of Russia.

The inflationism of the currency systems of Europe has proceeded to extraordinary lengths. The various belligerent governments, unable, or too timid or too short-sighted to secure from loans or taxes the resources they required, have printed notes for the balance. In Russia and Austria-Hungary this process has reached a point where for the purposes of foreign trade the currency is practically valueless. The Polish mark can be bought for about three cents and the Austrian crown for less than two cents, but they cannot be sold at all. The German mark is worth less than four cents on the exchanges. In most of the other countries of eastern and south-eastern Europe the real position is nearly as bad. The currency of Italy has fallen to little more than a half of its nominal value in spite of its being still subject to some degree of regulation; French currency maintains an uncertain market; and even sterling is seriously diminished in present value and impaired in its future prospects.

But while these currencies enjoy a precarious value abroad, they have never entirely lost, not even in Russia, their purchasing power at home. A sentiment of trust in the legal money of the state is so deeply implanted in the citizens of all countries that they cannot but believe that some day this money must recover a part at least of its former value. To their minds it appears that value is inherent in money as such, and they do not apprehend that the real wealth, which this money might have stood for, has been dissipated once and for all. This sentiment is supported by the various legal regulations with which the governments endeavor to control internal prices, and so to preserve some purchasing power for their legal tender. Thus the force of law preserves a measure of immediate purchasing power over some commodities and the force of sentiment and custom maintains, especially amongst peasants, a willingness to hoard paper which is really worthless.

The preservation of a spurious value for the currency, by the force of law expressed in the regulation of prices, contains in itself, however, the seeds of final economic decay, and soon dries up the sources of ultimate supply. If a man is compelled to exchange the fruits of his labors for paper which, as experience soon teaches him, he cannot use to purchase what he requires at a price comparable to that which he has received for his own products, he will keep his produce for himself, dispose of it to his friends and neighbors as a favor, or relax his efforts in producing it. A system of compelling the exchange of commodities at what is not their real relative value not only relaxes production, but leads finally to the waste and inefficiency of barter. If, however, a government refrains from regulation and allows matters to take their course, essential commodities soon attain a level of price out of the reach of all but the rich, the worthlessness of the money becomes apparent, and the fraud upon the public can be concealed no longer.

The effect on foreign trade of price-regulation and profiteer-hunting as cures for inflation is even worse. Whatever may be the case at home, the currency must soon reach its real level abroad, with the result that prices inside and outside the country lose their normal adjustment. The price of imported commodities, when converted at the current rate of exchange, is far in excess of the local price, so that many essential goods will not be imported at all by private agency, and must be provided by the government, which, in re-selling the goods below cost price, plunges thereby a little further into insolvency. The bread subsidies, now almost universal throughout Europe, are the leading example of this phenomenon.

The countries of Europe fall into two distinct groups at the present time as regards their manifestations of what is really the same evil throughout, according as they have been cut off from international intercourse by the blockade, or have had their imports paid for out of the resources of

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their allies. I take Germany as typical of the first, and France and Italy of the second.

The note circulation of Germany is about ten times[1] what it was before the war. The value of the mark in terms of gold is about one-eighth of its former value. As world-prices in terms of gold are more than double what they were, it follows that mark-prices inside Germany ought to be from sixteen to twenty times their pre-war level if they are to be in adjustment and proper conformity with prices outside Germany.[2] But this is not the case. In spite of a very great rise in German prices, they probably do not yet average much more than five times their former level, so far as staple commodities are concerned; and it is impossible that they should rise further except with a simultaneous and not less violent adjustment of the level of money wages. The existing maladjustment hinders in two ways (apart from other obstacles) that revival of the import trade which is the essential preliminary of the economic reconstruction of the country. In the first place, imported commodities are beyond the purchasing power of the great mass of the population,[3] and the flood of imports which might have been expected to succeed the raising of the blockade was not in fact commercially possible.[4] In the second place, it is a hazardous enterprise for a merchant or a manufacturer to purchase with a foreign credit material for which, when he has imported it or manufactured it, he will receive mark currency of a quite uncertain and possibly unrealizable value. This latter obstacle to the revival of trade is one which easily escapes notice and deserves a little attention. It is impossible at the present time to say what the mark will be worth in terms of foreign currency three or six months or a year hence, and the exchange market can quote no reliable figure. It may be the case, therefore, that a German merchant, careful of his future credit and reputation, who is actually offered a short period credit in terms of sterling or dollars, may be reluctant and doubtful whether to accept it. He will owe sterling or dollars, but he will sell his product for marks, and his power, when the time comes, to turn these marks into the currency in which he has to repay his debt is entirely problematic. Business loses its genuine character and becomes no better than a speculation in the exchanges, the fluctuations in which entirely obliterate the normal profits of commerce.

There are therefore three separate obstacles to the revival of trade: a maladjustment between internal prices and international prices, a lack of individual credit abroad wherewith to buy the raw materials needed to secure the working capital and to re-start the circle of exchange, and a disordered currency system which renders credit operations hazardous or impossible quite apart from the ordinary risks of commerce.

The note circulation of France is more than six times its pre-war level. The exchange value of the franc in terms of gold is a little less than two-thirds its former value; that is to say, the value of the franc has not fallen in proportion to the increased volume of the currency.[5] This apparently superior situation of France is due to the fact that until recently a very great part of her imports have not been paid for, but have been covered by loans from the governments of Great Britain and the United States. This has allowed a want of equilibrium between exports and imports to be established, which is becoming a very serious factor now that the outside assistance is being gradually discontinued. The internal economy of France and its price level in relation to the note circulation and the foreign exchanges is at present based on an excess of imports over exports which cannot possibly continue. Yet it is difficult to see how the position can be readjusted except by a lowering of the standard of consumption in France, which, even if it is only temporary, will provoke a great deal of discontent.[6]

[1] Including the Darlehenskassenscheine somewhat more.

[2] Similarly in Austria prices ought to be between twenty and thirty times their former level.

[3] One of the most striking and symptomatic difficulties which faced the Allied authorities in their administration of the occupied areas of Germany during the armistice was that even when they brought food into the country the inhabitants could not afford to pay its cost price.

[4] Theoretically an unduly low level of home prices should stimulate exports and so cure itself. But in Germany, and still more in Poland and Austria, there is little or nothing to export. There must be imports *before* exports.

[5] Allowing for the diminished value of gold, the exchange value of the franc should be less than 40 per cent of its previous value, instead of the actual figure of about 60 per cent, if the fall were proportional to the increase in the volume of the currency.

[6] How very far from equilibrium France's international exchange now is can be seen from the following table (in thousands of dollars):

Monthly Average	Imports	Exports	Excess of Imports
1913	140,355	114,670	25,685
1914	106,705	81,145	25,560
1918	331,915	69,055	262,860
Jan.—Mar. 1919	387,140	66,670	320,470
Apr.—June 1919	421,410	83,895	337,515
July 1919	467,565	123,675	343,890

These figures have been converted at approximately par rates, but this is roughly compensated by the fact that the trade of 1918 and 1919 has been valued at 1917 official rates. French imports cannot possibly continue at anything approaching these figures, and the semblance of prosperity based on such a state of affairs is spurious.

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The situation of Italy is not very different. There the note circulation is five or six times its pre-war level, and the exchange value of the lira in terms of gold about half its former value. Thus the adjustment of the exchange to the volume of the note circulation has proceeded further in Italy than in France. On the other hand, Italy's "invisible" receipts, from emigrant remittances and the expenditure of tourists, have been very injuriously affected; the disruption of Austria has deprived her of an important market; and her peculiar dependence on foreign shipping and on imported raw materials of every kind has laid her open to special injury from the increase of world prices. For all these reasons her position is grave, and her excess of imports as serious a symptom as in the case of France.[1]

The existing inflation and the maladjustment of international trade are aggravated, both in France and in Italy, by the unfortunate budgetary position of the respective governments of these countries.

In France the failure to impose taxation is notorious. Before the war the aggregate French and British budgets, and also the average taxation per head, were about equal; but in France no substantial effort has been made to cover the increased expenditure. "Taxes increased in Great Britain during the war," it has been estimated, "from 95 francs per head to 265 francs, whereas the increase in France was only from 90 to 103 francs."

The taxation voted in France for the financial year ending June 30, 1919, was less than half the estimated normal post-bellum expenditure. The normal budget for the future cannot be put below $4,400,000,000 (22 milliard francs), and may exceed this figure; but even for the fiscal year 1919-20 the estimated receipts from taxation do not cover much more than half this amount. The French Ministry of Finance have no plan or policy whatever for meeting this prodigious deficit, except the expectation of receipts from Germany on a scale which the French officials themselves know to be baseless. In the meantime they are helped by sales of war material and surplus American stocks and do not scruple, even in the latter half of 1919, to meet the deficit by the yet further expansion of the note issue of the Bank of France.[2]

The budgetary position of Italy is perhaps a little superior to that of France. Italian finance throughout the war was more enterprising than the French, and far greater efforts were made to impose taxation and pay for the war. Nevertheless Signor Nitti, the Prime Minister, in a letter addressed to the electorate on the eve of the General Election (October, 1919) thought it necessary to make public the following desperate analysis of the situation:

(1) The state expenditure amounts to about three times the revenue. (2) All the industrial undertakings of the state, including the railways, telegraphs and telephones, are being run at a loss. Although the public is buying bread at a high price, that price represents a loss to the government of about a milliard a year. (3) Exports now leaving the country are valued at only one-quarter or one-fifth of the imports from abroad. (4) The national debt is increasing by about a milliard lire per month. (5) The military expenditure for one month is still larger than that for the first year of the war.

But if this is the budgetary position of France and Italy, that of the rest of belligerent Europe is yet more desperate. In Germany the total expenditure of the Empire, the Federal States, and the Communes in 1919-20 is estimated at 25 milliards of marks, of which not above 10 milliards are covered by previously existing taxation. This is without allowing anything for the payment of the indemnity. In Russia, Poland, Hungary, or Austria such a thing as a budget cannot be seriously considered to exist at all.[3]

Thus the menace of inflationism described above is not merely a product of the war, of which peace begins the cure. It is a continuing phenomenon of which the end is not yet in sight.

All these influences combine not merely to prevent Europe from supplying immediately a sufficient stream of exports to pay for the goods she

[1] The figures for Italy are as follows (in thousands of dollars):

Monthly Average	Imports	Exports	Excess of Imports
1913	60,760	41,860	18,900
1914	48,720	36,840	11,880
1918	235,025	41,390	193,635
Jan.—Mar. 1919	229,240	38,085	191,155
Apr.—June 1919	331,035	69,250	261,785
July—Aug. 1919	223,535	84,515	139,020

[2] In the last two returns of the Bank of France available as I write (October 2 and 9, 1919) the increase in the note issue on the week amounted to $93,750,000 and $94,125,000 respectively.

[3] On October 3, 1919, M. Bilinski made his financial statement to the Polish Diet. He estimated his expenditure for the next nine months at rather more than double his expenditure for the past nine months, and while during the first period his revenue had amounted to one-fifth of his expenditure, for the coming months he was budgeting for receipts equal to one-eighth of his outgoings. The Times correspondent at Warsaw reported that "in general M. Bilinski's tone was optimistic and appeared to satisfy his audience"!

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needs to import, but they impair her credit for securing the working capital required to re-start the circle of exchange and also, by swinging the forces of economic law yet further from equilibrium rather than towards it, they favor a continuance of the present conditions instead of a recovery from them. An inefficient, unemployed, disorganized Europe faces us, torn by internal strife and international hate, fighting, starving, pillaging, and lying. What warrant is there for attempting to paint a picture of less sombre colors?

I have paid little heed in this book to Russia Hungary, or Austria.[1] There the miseries of life and the disintegration of society are too notorious to require analysis; and these countries are already experiencing the actuality of what for the rest of Europe is still in the realm of prediction. Yet they comprehend a vast territory and a great population, and are an extant example of how much man can suffer and how far society can decay.

Above all, they are the signal to us of how in the final catastrophe the malady of the body passes over into malady of the mind. Economic privation proceeds by easy stages, and so long as men suffer it patiently the outside world cares little. Physical efficiency and resistance to disease slowly diminish,[2] but life proceeds somehow, until the limit of human endurance is reached at last and counsels of despair and madness stir the sufferers from the lethargy which precedes the crisis.

When this point is reached man shakes himself, and the bonds of custom are loosed. The power of ideas is sovereign, and he listens to whatever instruction of hope, illusion, or revenge is carried to him on the air. As I write, the flames of Russian Bolshevism seem, for the moment at least, to have burnt themselves out, and the peoples of central and eastern Europe are held in a dreadful torpor. The lately gathered harvest keeps off the worst privations, and peace has been declared at Paris.

But winter is approaching. Men will have nothing to look forward to or to nourish hopes on. There will be little fuel to moderate the rigors of the season or to comfort the starved bodies of the town-dwellers.

But who can say how much is endurable, or in what direction men will seek at last to escape from their misfortunes.

MAYNARD KEYNES.

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[1] The terms of the Peace Treaty imposed on the Austrian Republic bear no relation to the real facts of that state's desperate situation. The Arbeiter Zeitung of Vienna on June 4, 1919, commented on them as follows: "Never has the substance of a treaty of peace so grossly betrayed the intentions which were said to have guided its construction as is the case with this Treaty . . . in which every provision is permeated with ruthlessness and pitilessness, in which no breath of human sympathy can be detected, which flies in the face of everything which binds man to man, which is a crime against humanity itself, against a suffering and tortured people." I am acquainted in detail with the Austrian Treaty and I was present when some of its terms were being drafted, but I do not find it easy to rebut the justice of this outburst.

[2] For months past the reports of the health conditions in the Central Empires have been of such a character that the imagination is dulled, and one almost seems guilty of sentimentality in quoting them. But their general veracity is not disputed, and I quote the three following, that the reader may not be unmindful of them: "In the last years of the war, in Austria alone at least 35,000 people died of tuberculosis, in Vienna alone 12,000. To-day we have to reckon with a number of at least 350,000 to 400,000 people who require treatment for tuberculosis. . . . As the result of malnutrition a bloodless generation is growing up with undeveloped muscles, undeveloped joints, and undeveloped brain." (Neue Freie Presse, May 31, 1919). The Commission of Doctors appointed by the Medical Faculties of Holland, Sweden, and Norway to examine the conditions in Germany reported as follows in the Swedish Press in April, 1919: "Tuberculosis, especially in children, is increasing in an appalling way, and generally speaking, is malignant. In the same way rickets is more serious and more widely prevalent. It is impossible to do anything for these diseases; there is no milk for the tuberculous, and no cod-liver oil for those suffering from rickets. . . . Tuberculosis is assuming almost unprecedented aspects, such as have hitherto only been known in exceptional cases. The whole body is attacked simultaneously, and the illness in this form is practically incurable. . . . Tuberculosis is nearly always fatal now among adults. It is the cause of ninety per cent of the hospital cases. Nothing can be done against it owing to lack of food stuffs. . . . It appears in the most terrible forms, such as glandular tuberculosis, which turns into purulent dissolution." The following is by a writer in the Vossische Zeitung, June 5, 1919, who accompanied the Hoover Mission to the Erzgebirge: "I visited large country districts where ninety per cent of all the children were ricketty and where children of three years are only beginning to walk. . . . Accompany me to a school in the Erzgebirge. You think it is a kindergarten for the little ones. No, these are children of seven and eight years. Tiny faces, with large dull eyes, overshadowed by huge puffed, ricketty foreheads, their small arms just skin and bone, and above the crooked legs with their dislocated joints the swollen, pointed stomachs of the hunger oedema. . . . 'You see this child here,' the physician in charge explained; 'it consumed an incredible amount of bread, and yet did not get any stronger. I found out that it hid all the bread it received underneath its straw mattress. The fear of hunger was so deeply rooted in the child that it collected stores instead of eating the food: a misguided animal instinct made the dread of hunger worse than the actual pangs'." Yet there are many persons apparently in whose opinion justice requires that such beings should pay tribute until they are forty or fifty years of age in relief of the British taxpayer.

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The Political Outlook in England

THE political position in England becomes no simpler as the year draws to a close. The results of a series of by-elections have just been announced but they do no more than confirm certain general tendencies of popular opinion. They show a steady drift of opinion against the Coalition which is somewhat stronger on the whole than might have been expected as the inevitable reaction after the abnormal election of last year. At Croydon and in the Isle of Thanet there was a straight fight between Unionist and Liberal, and considering that these constituencies have always been strongholds of Toryism, the Unionist majority was so heavily reduced that at a general election the majority of Unionist members would clearly be in danger of defeat.

But to whom they would lose their seats is a very different matter. Dissatisfaction with the Coalition there is, but there is no corresponding enthusiasm for the Liberal party. In a three-cornered fight the electorate is showing a decided tendency to put the Liberal at the bottom of the poll. This was the case at Plymouth. Lady Astor derived some extraordinary support from being a woman, a lively and attractive candidate, and an Astor. But the bulk of her army was drawn from the Unionist rank and file and she had, as they say, an easy journey, for the Liberal and Labor candidates, fighting roughly on the same platform, fought each other with great vigor and cut each other's throats to some effect. Only, the Liberal's throat was cut to much more effect than Labor's.

Party Liberalism is, in truth, in a bad way. Liberalism as a creed is not in so hopeless a plight, for much of Labor derives its inspiration from Liberal sources, and there are not a few independent Conservatives who have more Liberalism in them than some of its acknowledged priests. But the Liberal party is weakened by its internal dissensions, its lack of leadership, its inferiority to its Labor rival in faith and energy. Mr. Asquith, at last and in response to many appeals, has "taken the gloves off." At a caucus meeting in Birmingham he has come out with a resounding attack on the Coalition and its "so-called Liberal" members. It was a "rousing" and a "fighting" speech and the National Liberal Federation cheered enthusiastically. Outside the Federation no one cared a rap. On Ireland Mr. Asquith was admirably "strong," denouncing coercion in his best manner and pouring scorn on the idea of a Cabinet Committee which includes Ulstermen attempting to find an Irish settlement.

Unhappily, Mr. Asquith has a past. It was he who, on forming the first Coalition Government, gave high office to Sir Edward Carson; who did nothing after the rebellion of 1916 to abolish the Dublin Castle administration which is acknowledged to be the antiquated survival of an age outworn; who in the same year failed to turn to advantage Mr. George's success in bringing together the Irish leaders. No critical observer can really suppose that Mr. Asquith would do better as a peacemaker than Mr. George. What Liberals are entitled to ask, and do ask, is that the present intolerable regime of military repression in Ireland should be continued no longer, that a Home Rule Bill should be brought in promptly and that it should be conceived on bold and generous lines, since no other sort of bill has any prospect of acceptance in Ireland or is worth bringing in at all.

There is this to be said for a Coalition dealing with Ireland, that it is at least more likely to produce an Irish settlement than the old party system, with a Liberal government in power. It is idle to argue that facts and persons should be thus and thus, and not otherwise. We have to deal with facts as they are, and the Irish controversy is so deeply ingrained in the body of British party politics that neither Liberals nor Torys are ever likely to settle it by themselves. Possibly a Liberal-Labor coalition might have the power, that is to say, a Labor government backed up by Liberal support. But whether any such government will come in the near future is mere speculation and Ireland will not wait; even if it did come, the Unionists—we deal with facts—would fight with all the old bitter animosity against a Liberal-Labor scheme.

But, it will be said, the Coalition is predominantly Unionist. It is—except for Mr. George. No problem of English politics can be understood which does not allow for his unchallenged ascendancy. It is paradoxical but true, that the blunders and misfortunes of his government seem only to tend to the glory and honor of Mr. George. About once a month his enemies, and he has many, are convinced they have him down, yet he emerges from the scrimmage as unruffled as one of those extraordinary football players who have the knack of going through the rough and tumble of the game with clean face and the parting of their hair unscathed. The prospect of a Home Rule settlement rests on the indispensability of Mr. George to the

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Unionist party. The question is how far he can use his power to screw out of them terms so liberal as to have a chance of acceptance in Ireland. (There is, of course, the further question whether any terms that the Coalition may offer will be considered at all in Ireland, but that is outside the scope of this article.) The country at all events will not turn to Mr. Asquith for satisfaction on the Irish question.

Nor can it be any the more impressed by Mr. Asquith's utterances on Russia. Mr. Asquith uses strong words now against the policy of intervention. It is a pity that he did not use them six or nine months ago, when it was not so clear that anti-intervention was the winning horse. Besides, though Mr. George's conduct in regard to Russia has been characteristically tortuous, it is well known that throughout the whole year he has been in favor of getting peace in Russia by negotiation and that at last he has put his foot down heavily against the Churchills and the Pichons. It is doubtful whether Mr. Asquith would have done one whit the better. To go further, there is no reason to suppose that in regard to the whole of the peace settlement and the foreign policy of this year an Asquith government would have pursued a more liberal and enlightened policy than Mr. George. In foreign policy there neither is nor ever has been much to choose between a Conservative government and the Liberal Imperialists of whom, from the days of the Boer War, Mr. Asquith has been the chief. There is no reason why the country should be moved towards the Liberal party by anything that Mr. Asquith may have to say on foreign policy. Nor is it. If the country wants a Liberal outlook on the outside world it must go to the Labor party for it, not the Liberals. At home the Labor party suffers from the narrowness of its vision; it thinks too much of class, too little of the general brotherhood without the state. Abroad it is alone among the parties in the breadth of its vision, in its aversion from a selfish and imperialistic nationalism.

Liberals at the moment descry a fresh hope in the Government's anti-dumping bill. Like Cortez's men they look at each other, startled, wondering whether this bill, rightly described as a measure for the maintenance of high prices, may not open to them the possibility of that unity without which they are electorally lost. The prospect is attractive: both principle and expediency invite them. The bill is so much an offense to free trade that both independent and Coalition Liberals are against it. Free trade is one of the few things about which almost all English Liberals are deeply concerned and even warm supporters of Mr. George say that he has gone too far in the mutual surrender of principles which marks the Coalition. In November 1918, when the Coalition was formed, Mr. George and Mr. Bonar Law agreed that foreign goods should be kept out of this country if it were shown that they were being sold here below the cost of production in the country of origin. But the bill says that the criterion shall be not the cost of production but the sale price in the country of origin, which is a very different matter. Besides, the bill offends against constitutional propriety, it places the imposition and the rise and fall of import duties at the mercy of an external committee which is to advise and supervise the actions of the Board of Trade —a method in every way more objectionable than a scientific tariff framed and approved by Parliament. The same procedure denies to the commercial man precisely that certain knowledge of his future that he most demands. And, since the bill will unquestionably help to keep prices at a high level, party Liberals would be superhuman if they did not see in it a good popular "cry." It is a cry, however, which will equally advantage their rivals, the Labor party.

The Coalition Liberals in Parliament are openly opposed to this bill, which their leader, the Liberal Premier, has produced, and many shrewd observers think that the Premier will find some way of shelving it. But how did Mr. George come to father such a measure? If that question could be answered fully we should not only explain much of the past and present but peep into the future too. Mr. George, dare he speak frankly, would explain that in a Coalition neither side must be too punctilious about its principles. Rigidity, he would say, is all right for party warfare but the mark of Coalition statesmanship is flexibility. "The Coalition Government," he would add, "has given the country the Education and the Franchise Acts. Are not these measures good and would you ever have had them without the Coalition? And if, as I hope, our coming Irish bill produces peace in Ireland, would you ever have had that from the Unionists or the Liberals alone? Well, the Liberals must pay something for the good things they have had or hope to have. I have not given the Tories a full-blown tariff, which is what they want—and remember that they have a majority over all parties in the Commons and control the House of Lords—but I have given them a little bit of preference in the budget and now a bit of protection against dumping. True, it is a violation of Free Trade principles, but times are changed, things are not what they were, put country before party and keep an open mind."

Our Mr. George, to speak frankly, has no deep root in Liberal (or any other) philosophy. Mr. Asquith may be described (charitably) as principles without action; Mr. George is action without

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principles. He is not only the man of the moment, he is the man for the moment—that is his guiding principle. It is doubtful whether he feels passionately about liberty of trade or liberty of conscience or any other liberty; liberty in Ireland, in Russia, or any other where. His motive power is opportunism. He has sound instincts but he is careful not to be seduced by them into the strait path which leads, in politics, into the wilderness.

As the future presents itself to Mr. George he foresees the continuance of some sort of Coalition government. The next election will give a largely increased Labor party, but probably not one that will be strong enough to form a government and stand alone. If it accepts office it would have to rely for support on the Liberal group. That is no bait for Mr. George. There are those who think that if he broke finally with the Tories and went to the country with a bold radical program, his personal prestige—which is enormous and is not in the least shaken by episodes like the Bullitt disclosures—would carry him back to power. But it is a marked failure of Mr. George that he has never understood how much the country responds to a brave and gallant call to arms. Yet at the present time it is comical to see how much the country is disposed to put the blame for all the misdemeanors of the Lloyd George Government on any shoulders except Mr. George's own. The odds are that Mr. George thinks the time has not yet come to break the Tory-Liberal compact. Informally it represents already a Centre party of the middle-class and moderate working-class elements who see no other leader in the field, who fear the uncertain future, desire order and stability and will put up with much to get it. They are a large proportion of the people; there are Conservatives, Liberals and a good many Labor men among them and Mr. George still prefers their backing to that of the pure Liberals, who do not make a strong appeal to the popular mind.

The above was written before Mr. George's speech to the Manchester Liberals, December 6. He took the lines forecast, except that he denied that the Anti-Dumping Bill was a violation of free trade. But he destroyed the effect of his argument by admitting frankly that this bill is the consideration paid to the Unionists for their support of Liberal measures and by hinting broadly that he did not like it himself but had to carry out his bargain. He has already postponed the bill till next session so that, as he says, there may be further consideration of it in the "cool winter evenings," and the general impression is that the obnoxious measure is laid on a bed of sickness from which it will never rise again.

AN ENGLISH LIBERAL.

The Carpentier Fight

Bennett vs. Shaw

ARNOLD BENNETT confides to us that he was at a very High Life dinner before the fight. He went to the fight in one of his host's fifteen taxis. When the great event was over he took another taxi to the Eccentric Club and there Denry—we mean Arnold—"solaced himself with an aged Courvoisier brandy."

Bernard Shaw apparently arrived on foot, not on the wings of the dove. "My seat has cost me more than ten times what I have paid to hear Parsifal at Bayreuth or Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at a very special performance at the Grand Opera in Paris." When Shaw left he left on foot. "As I pushed my way through the crowd in Holborn, I could see by the way my news was received that every poor dupe of the sporting papers had put his shillings or pence or even his quid or two on Beckett."

To Arnold Bennett the fight was principally a glittering human spectacle, with high lights on the ten guinea tickets, the civilized Carpentier, the millionaires' smoking-jackets and swallow-tails, "Mr. Cochran, the mysterious organizer," "the celebrated Mr. B. J. Angle, whose word was to be law to the champions"—these things, and the treble-X radiance of the battle-ground and the presence of the Prince of Wales. To Bernard Shaw, a born republican, it was also a glittering human spectacle—only for Shaw all is not gold that glitters. Shaw notes the Prince of Wales not to remark that he holds a cigar "just in the manner of his grandfather" (how like his grand-pa!), but to indicate that the Prince's little speech was lost on the great barbarian smoke-hazed mob. For Shaw Mr. Cochran is simply one of the entrepreneurs of the ring "who must bear in mind that they can secure toleration only by being on their very best behavior." Mr. B. J. Angle to Shaw was Jack Angle. "Suddenly a figure from the past—from my past—was announced and appeared. It was Jack Angle, no longer a trim, clean-shaven, young amateur athlete, but a père noble in white moustaches, exactly like Colonel Damas in The Lady of Lyons." Shaw writes as if he were good old Colonel Newcome once more in the Cave of Harmony. But the audience as he sees it is not all "honorables and right honorables, explorers, sporting stockbrokers, eminent professional men, plutocrats of all sorts, men with an artistic interest in the display like Robert Loraine, Granville Barker, Maurice Baring, Arnold Bennett and myself . . . The prevalent impression is the usual one of a majority of

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men who have sacrificed a month's wages to be present, and hope to retrieve it by bets on the result."

Here are ladies. For Shaw this is coolly observed. "Here and there is a lady. Not any particular sort of a lady or no lady: just an ordinary lady. The one who happens to be sitting by me is one next whom I might find myself in the stalls of any theatre, or in church. The girl at the end of the next row would be perfectly in place in any west-end drawing room." The author of The Pretty Lady sees it differently. "Women were certainly too few; some had sought to atone for the paucity by emulating the attire of the gladiators in the ring. They made futile spots of sex on ten guineas' worth of plush in an environment where Aphrodite had no status whatever." Oh, Aphrodite, Aphrodite, Oh!

The attitudes of Shaw and Bennett are a little reversed when, after ceremonial preliminaries, the fine young Carpentier comes to the ring. Arnold Bennett sees the big train of attendants, does a little rapid arithmetic and concludes, "though eight thousand pounds was to be divided between the combatants, neither would be overpaid." After this quick computation Bennett had eyes for the conquering hero (conquering hero or dying gladiator; it was not yet certain). This is what Bennett saw:

One figure, Carpentier, stood out astonishingly from all the rest. All the rest had the faces and the carriage of bruisers. Nobody could have taken Carpentier for a boxer. He might have been a barrister, a poet, a musician, a Foreign Office attaché, a Fellow of All Souls; but not a boxer. He had an air of intellectual or artistic distinction. And long contact with the very physical world of pugilism had not apparently affected his features in the slightest degree. In the previous six years he had matured, but not coarsened. He seemed excessively out of place in the ring. You could not comprehend what on earth he was doing there. Surely he must have lost his way! Beckett, a magnificent form, but with a countenance from which you would not infer much power of ratiocination, gazed long at Carpentier from under his forehead, whereas Carpentier scarcely glanced at Beckett. At one moment Beckett appeared to you like a dumb victim trying to penetrate the secrets of a higher and inscrutable power; at another moment you were persuaded that grim Beckett was merely contemplating his poor destined intellectual victim with the most admirable British detachment. At one moment you felt that Carpentier must inevitably be crushed; at another moment you were convinced that if Carpentier was not too many for Beckett, then the course of civilization had been very misleading.

Shaw saw the same train of attendants as Bennett, but he missed the economic inference: he speaks at the end of Beckett "without a mark on his face and with £3,000 in his pocket." He also speaks of Carpentier's winning £5,000 in 74 seconds. This naïveté, this touch of glamour, comes into his long account. Unlike Bennett he sees the English fighter with the clear eye of a connoisseur and the body that the English writer calls "a magnificent form" Shaw examines like a Dürer—"a compact figure, a boxlike chest, stout, stumpy arms useful only for punching, and a thickish neck too short to take his head out of harm's way." But it is as one of his own supermen that Bernard Shaw sees Carpentier. He races past Bennett in his role as hero-worshipper. He gives to Carpentier's decent distinction the sort of unearthly radiance that we are supposed to find in novels by the Brontës:

As it happened I was near the gangway by which the champions came in, and therefore saw at once that the cheering was for Mr. Joseph Beckett, who was approaching in an unpretentious dressing gown. Mr. Beckett, though the descriptive reporters insisted on making him play Orson to his opponent's Valentine, is by no means ill-looking. His features are not Grecian; but he can be described exactly as a very sensible looking man; and I may say at once that he behaved all through, and has behaved since, more sensibly than most men in a very trying situation. I liked Mr. Beckett very well, and did not change my opinion later on, as some of his backers did. He mounted the scaffold and went to his corner. A burst of louder cheering made me look round again to the gangway; and this time I was startled by a most amazing apparition: nothing less than Charles XII, "the madman of the North," striding along the gangway in a Japanese silk dressing gown as gallantly as if he had not been killed almost exactly 201 years before. I have seldom received so vivid an impression; and I knew at once that as this could hardly be Charles, he must be either Carpentier or the devil. Genius could not be more unmistakable. Being in that line myself I was under no illusion as to genius being invincible. . . . Carpentier rose at the crowd, and would have had it forty thousand instead of four if he could. He was at home with it; he dominated it; he picked out his friends and kissed hands to them in his debonair way quite naturally, without swank or mock modesty, as one born to move assemblies.

Can this be? Arnold Bennett got a different impression. "The experts killed Carpentier immediately they saw him. They said he was not in condition; they liked not the color of his skin; they said he had gone right off; they said he was a dead man." Blithe, debonair—but not buxom. Why was Shaw so thrilled by the apparition? Because, I take it, he saw Carpentier with the passionate interest of workmanship and Carpentier seemed to him perfect of his kind. This joy could not possibly be Arnold Bennett's. When the lean Shaw was writing Cashel Byron's Profession, Bennett was probably a sedentary Londoner—as sedentary as only a London law-clerk can be. "The classic thing: the long shot with the left: the lead-off and get-away"—this description of a punch, if it be a punch, is Shaw's advantage over Bennett. Like

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Carpentier Shaw enters this particular contest with "a long reach, a long flexible neck, and, last but not least, a long head." On some occasions he strains his long flexible neck around impossible angles of observation. He is too knowing, too connoisseurish, too "inside." But his remarks about Carpentier's discobolusian balance on the ball of his foot leads up to a most beautiful bit of description, worth the fifteen cents that it costs to see the fight through his eyes:

> The change in Carpentier's face when he sets to work is so startling that the spectators can see nothing else. The unmistakable Greek line digs a trench across his forehead at once; his color changes to a stony grey; he looks ten thousand years old; his eyes see through stone walls; and his expression of intensely concentrated will frightens everyone in the hall except his opponent, who is far too busy to attend to such curiosities.

The knock-out is handled bluntly by Bennett, in contrast to the expert Shaw; Bennett is the audacious reporter with a grasp of the telling facts:

> Carpentier caught Beckett on the nose at once . . . Beckett was utterly outclassed. He never had a chance . . . . The Stadium beheld him lying stunned on his face. And the sight of Beckett prone, and Carpentier standing by him listening to the counting of the allotted seconds, was the incredible miraculous consummation of all the months of training, all the organization, all the advertising, all the expenditure, all the frenzy. Aphrodite, breaking loose in the shape of a pretty girl bien maquillée, rushed to the ring. Men raised her in their arms, she raised her face; and Carpentier bent over the ropes and kissed her passionately amid the ecstasies of joy and disillusion that raged around them. That kiss seemed to be the bright flower of the affair. It summed up everything. Two minutes earlier Beckett in his majestic strength had been the idol of a kingdom. Now Beckett was a sack of potatoes, and Carpentier in might and glory was publicly kissing the chosen girl within a yard of the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Bennett, it is clear, is entering into the spirit of the occasion. He issues phrases like "idol of a kingdom" and "might and glory" with ready complaisant exuberance. Bernard Shaw is harder to please. He admits that Beckett was the idol of a kingdom, but an idol manufactured for the delusion and exploitation of the public. As for this business of the public kiss "within a yard of the Prince of Wales," Shaw's blood freezes:

> The usual orgy followed. Pugilists are a sentimental, feminine species, much given to kissing and crying. Carpentier was hoisted up to be chaired, dragged down to be kissed, hung out by the heels from the scaffold to be fondled by a lady, and in every possible way given reason to envy Beckett.

That is to say, if Shaw were hung out by the heels to be fondled by a lady, he (Shaw) would envy the fellow who was knocked out. But would everyone? Shaw describes Carpentier's "jubilant spring in the air" after he had won the decision. The subsequent homage of that which Mr. Bennett so elegantly calls Aphrodite may have seemed not entirely unpleasant. Not to an Irish Puritan. Not, possibly, to a Greek God. Not even to Charles XII. But that is where the ebullient Carpentier leaves off and the misogynist Charles XII keeps aristocratically on.

Shaw's analytical perception of the knock-out, however, does increase one's respect for the aristocratical art of reporting. Bennett's account leaves out the "splendidly clean and finished right to the jaw." It leaves out "the droop with which Beckett went prone to the boards." In these matters, for all his expansiveness, Bernard Shaw is himself splendidly clean and finished. He is something of a Carpentier, a Carpentier grown père noble.

F. H.

Night Fall After Wind

Oh desert infinite!
Now the wind has died
And left the great heart still:
The ocean of white sand subsides
The wind reeds hardly breathe,
The distant hills grow dim;
Steeped in mist
Deep stars burn,
Birdlings call,
From the cactus comes the dove's low note—
Great heart—thou art still,
How still!

. . . . . .

Oh may it be at nightfall,
My own wild heart will rest
Tremulous, wild wind reed
Lie down with thee and sleep,
Great heart!
Lie down with thee and sleep.

AGNES CORNELL.

The Symbolists

I heard old Ned the Rhymer say:
"Since I never went to college,
I would give this Moon of mine away
In exchange for the Star of Knowledge."

And so I added to his line,
Which is a rhymer's duty:
"O I would give this Moon of mine
In exchange for the Star of Beauty."

"Och! ye make me tired," the bar-maid said,
As we started off for Drimmin;
"Sure men like ye should be satisfied
Since your wives are honest women."

FRANCIS CARLIN.

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A Japanese Pragmatist

The Principles of the Moral Empire, by Kojiro Sugimori. University of London Press.

A PRAGMATIST is like a grasshopper—you never can tell which way he will jump. Scarcely had pragmatism made its appearance when a critic identified thirteen different kinds, and since then the varieties of the new philosophy have doubtless passed the number that made the pickle famous. Quite naturally; for pragmatism is an indigenous rather than an exotic philosophy, finding its realization in and through human activities and social institutions. It does not, like the philosophy of tradition, aim to rise above time and place and person to catch a fleeting glimpse of an immutable reality beyond. Quite the contrary, it seeks for the meaning of existence in the very idiosyncrasies of human nature and in the very welter of finite experience. And this makes for variety.

But it likewise makes for unity. If one result of the insistence upon the concrete is that pragmatists differ in the elaboration of their point of view, another is that they share in a common purpose. They all propose a fundamental reconstruction of philosophy in the interest of life. Moreover, it is exactly this common purpose which is the important and vital feature of pragmatism.

Both this loyalty to the central purpose and this originality in its application is interestingly illustrated by a Japanese pragmatist, Kojiro Sugimori, in his recent volume, The Principles of the Moral Empire. The book is of unusual interest for another reason. It represents the Weltanschauung of a Japanese thinker at a time when it cannot be a matter of indifference to the world what the Japanese are thinking and planning. Just how reliable a document the book is for the interpretation of the mind of Japan must be a matter for speculation, but as a professor of philosophy in the University of Waseda, Tokyo, the author is undoubtedly spokesman for others of his countrymen. This fact, together with the subject discussed (the nature of the moral self) and the thesis defended (that man should aim at the fullest self-realization) makes the volume one of exceptional timeliness.

There is much in Sugimori's faith in the regenerative power of the self to remind one of Fichte, but it is Fichte without a nationalistic program; in other words, it is not Fichte. There is much again to remind one of Nietzsche's doctrine of the superman, only Sugimori's superman bears little or no resemblance to Nietzsche's. Nietzsche's superman is the embodiment of the will to power, Sugimori's of the will to moral dignity. The reader will find Sugimori's book a fervent defense of pride and self-assertion as against love and self-surrender, but pride and self are defined in accordance with a more adequate psychology than that upon which the received conceptions rest; they are expensive rather than restrictive concepts. And this is the peculiar significance of Sugimori's doctrine for these days of aggressive self-assertion. There are two ways of meeting the present world-wide unrest. One is to attempt to kill the demand for a fuller self-realization from which this unrest springs; the other is to discover methods of investing self-realization for social returns. The first way is costly at best, and even if temporarily successful, must fail in the end. We may go over the precipice, but halt we cannot. The urge of the centuries is against it. The second way calls for great ingenuity and even greater faith, but it is the way of promise, for it has the dynamic power of human aspiration to draw upon and may have that miracle of miracles, human intelligence, for guide. Here Sugimori belongs with those who designate self-respect as the greatest moral force at man's command, but at the same time point out that the self to be respected is moral in direct proportion to the range of interests it is able to cherish as its own.

Fundamentally, therefore, Sugimori is a pragmatist, as he claims to be. Our peculiar task, he urges, in this "most momentous time in comparison with which any age in history is simpler and smaller both in its magnitude and meaning," is to bring intelligence to the aid of man's impetuous determination to realize life in new forms. "Both shepherds and their flocks, in intellectual as well as practical aspects, want now most badly a new supply of intelligence." For this task philosophers and artists should be peculiarly qualified, but at present "Art and Philosophy . . . are hardly worth twopence in the estimation of the public." Small wonder; for artists and philosophers have insisted upon withdrawing into sequestered corners, leaving the world to manage its unholy affairs as best it might. And this has resulted in great loss. It was life deliberately blind-folding itself. What greater philosophical achievement can be conceived (to speak only of philosophy) than the reduction of the multitude of problems, with which the world is full, to an organized whole? This means vision. It means the attainment of a comprehensive view of the purpose of life and the invention of a method for its progressive realization. And because this is not the manner of philosophers they must be born anew. They must learn that he only is a philosopher who knows how to inspire and enlighten men where they live and feel and express themselves.

This is good pragmatism, and there is much more of the same sort in the book. In the discussion of special problems, however, the mutations make their appearance which distinguish the author's pragmatism from other varieties. Nor is variation the limit of his originality. At times, indeed, one suspects that were the thought stripped of its metaphorical dress the reader would find himself staring at pragmatic heresy. On the whole, Sugimori stands nearer the English humanistic pragmatism of Schiller than the more intellectualistic pragmatism of James or Dewey, and nearer James's blend of mysticism and logic than Dewey's scientific temper. But deviations and lapses may for present purposes be forgotten in the interest of the central doctrine of the book—the necessity of recognizing the widest possible self-realization as the supreme law of the moral life.

The high significance of self-realization permeates the book from cover to cover. Conscience and utility are defined in terms of it; the outer world exists in order that the self might have something to work upon; in the individual's Yea and Nay the universe becomes articulate; and so on. But the doctrine gets its fullest presentation in a chapter entitled, "The Two Fundamental Impulses of Life: Pride and Love." No forces, says Sugimori, do we know more intimately and none do we more thoroughly misunderstand. Everywhere pride is denounced and love praised and yet in the affairs of life we show that we value pride above love. This is because most people do not draw their views from life itself but accept them from those who claim to know. "Man defies things too soon, just as he damns things too hastily." And this has given vogue to many errors besides the notion that love is the greatest thing in the world. What does experience teach? It teaches that as man advances, humility is replaced by

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pride. Gradually the negative attitude of conforming to nature, or some other reality, is outgrown and the will to create, to use nature, takes its place. And as man becomes conscious of his creative powers he develops pride, and pride transforms him into a new moral being. "We can never account for the rise of democracy for instance," according to Sugimori, "unless we know that its secret truth is to supplant all the accidental values such as birth-value, property-value, race-value, etc., by the essential value which is Personal Value." Democracy is good just because it makes pride and moral dignity possible. It does this only imperfectly, and for that reason Sugimori teaches the need for a Moral Empire which shall give full and free opportunity for the exercise of pride. But the reader must be warned not to confuse the petty, contracting attitude commonly called pride with what Sugimori means by the term. Common or false pride thwarts self-realization as effectively as humility does. What is true pride?

The question is a difficult one, although Sugimori repeatedly points out the difference between false pride and true pride. The trouble is that each definition calls for new defining. Perhaps the most direct answer would be that the truly proud man aims to be God. A proposal so daring will be regarded as a misinterpretation unless backed up by quotations. They are not wanting. "But our pride," we read, "in order to be a true one, has to draw its whole strength from nothing less than the divine assertion of the cosmic self." And again: "A new God fashioned from the substance of all existing gods is the thing which we now badly want. The sense of the dignity of one's own moral person is in need of being so heightened as to stand above all things else . . . The divine spark in the form of a metaphysical pride, which consists in a boundless self-respect and self-responsibility, as well as an infinite faith in our own power of creative possibility, is the light that illuminates the world." And from the chapter on Pride: "I am no atheist, as no one can really be. I believe in God in both the ways which are at bottom one, and which I claim to be the only legitimate ways for anyone to believe in God. First, I believe in the God that I ought to become." Finally: "It is we who give or deprive God of existence. The point is, therefore, that we must give the most perfect existence to God by making as much as possible of ourselves. Here lies the *Metaphysics of Pride.*"

Now obviously this shifts the problem to the meaning of God, a problem made very difficult by the author's vagueness at this point. Strive to be God may be only a graphic way of saying strive to extend the range of your sympathetic imagination to the widest possible bounds and to bring your creative powers to the highest possible expression. In that case Sugimori would be in line with the contemporary moral doctrine which promises most for the regeneration of the world, and one might then agree with a noted English philosopher's statement that "if views like Sugimori's guide the actions of Japan the rest of the world need not greatly fear the extension of her power." Unfortunately there is a certain self-sufficiency and aloofness about the suggested ideal, a certain willingness to go it alone, which does not seem to fit this interpretation. The talk is still of the achievement of great individuals rather than a great people. The very use of the word God is disconcerting. It never occurs to one to say, Come let us reason together, to a god; nor, as far as the record goes, does a god ever say it to anyone else.

One thing, at all events, is clear, and it is an important thing for thoughtful Americans to know just now—Sugimori's book proves that the movement for a new international morality has able and sincere advocates in Japan as well as elsewhere. Sugimori joins with thinkers in other lands in an effort to achieve a larger horizon in political, no less than in social, philosophy and practice. He pleads for a new class consciousness which shall triumph over racial differences, cross national boundaries, disregard diversity in economic and social status, and unite men everywhere who are genuinely desirous of realizing a better mode of human life. This is the Moral Empire in the interest of which his book was written. Men like Sugimori are needed to help in the defeat of those who consciously or unconsciously continue to sow the seed of trouble between Japan and the United States. They are needed especially to protect us from ignorantly forcing those in Japan with whom we might labor for the realization of a better world into union with those who insist upon maintaining international anarchy.

M. C. Otto.

Celebrities with Salt

Uncensored Celebrities, by E. T. Raymond. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

"IT will probably be many years before the world knows" is a phrase not seldom in the mind of Mr. Raymond as he writes his book of characters. The same phrase applies to the judgment and solidity of his records. Whether his account of Lloyd George or Lord Northcliffe or Mr. Balfour, Mr. Winston Churchill and some twenty-eight other men that he has seen in the public eye is a true account, posterity—which is nearly as likely as Mr. Raymond to go mistaken—will have to say.

The whole book, of course, rests on that solid British belief that the English gentleman is the most superior of earthly beings. Mr. Raymond believes also that England went into the war to save the future of civilization. After these two basic convictions, the author ranges pretty free of party labels, as he says, and prefers the wider to the narrower loyalty. The most important question to be asked of any public man at this time, he believes, is "Is he a good Englishman?" He keeps us constantly in mind of what an immense section of English intellectual concern turns on running the government. He is an internationalist by the same recipe that Mr. Samuel Gompers—who seems an object of great admiration to Mr. Raymond and about whom he writes with a curious nervousness and lack of sauce—is an internationalist: "I must be a citizen of America before I can be a citizen of the world." Otherwise he lets the glitter and stir of the times go past in the procession of the thirty-two figures, by one method or another, bits of biography, social theory, humanistic comment, gossip; a little of everything, and cannily done. There is no attempt to focus, to superimpose a historical method. A thesis for a Ph. D. would do that. Mr. Raymond is close enough to his material to know better.

But so long as historians, students, and professors of history cannot agree as to what history is, we need not concern ourselves with applying historical tests to a book as contemporaneous as this morning's breakfast. Nor do we have to wait for posterity to know how delightfully and astonishingly and shrewdly the book reads. From Lloyd George who heads the list to Samuel Gompers who ends it, two hundred and fifty pages almost, there is hardly a sag in the interest. Whatever else the essays may be, they are

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a high class of journalistic literature. Whatever they may do with events and facts as such, they do create portraits. They express our life and stir us to response, which is the business of literature. Mr. Raymond is a sort of Theophrastus taken to politics, urbane, knowing and sharp-eyed, a little scandalous now and then.

"Mr. Lloyd George's ministry," he says, "is like an orchestra composed of performers of very unequal merit, under a conductor who only occasionally troubles to conduct, being engaged in writing the music, looking after the stage carpentry, advertising the performance, and even selling the tickets. It is not quite an adequate compensation that the conductor himself is a master on many instruments, and can always be relied on to snatch the trombone or piccolo from a pretender and show how the thing should be done."

Jowett had said at Balliol, "Asquith is the one pupil of mine for whom I can most confidently predict success in life." "Jowettery," according to Mr. Raymond, "was the philosophy of getting on in its most dignified guise, a sublimated opportunism, in which worship of the main chance was robbed of its grossness and made a fit faith for a scholar and a gentleman."

Mr. Winston Churchill "upset his critics' gravity when at twenty-seven he affected the airs of a political Manfred, weighted with an intolerable burden of care. The bowed shoulders, the thoughtful frown, the tense manner, contrasting with the extreme boyishness of his face and figure, belonged to the realm of pure comedy. On the other hand, it was as unpleasant to mark his hungry egotism as to watch the greed of a child miser. But even in those early days, whether one smiled or railed, one could not dismiss him as an ordinary poser or an ordinary place-seeker."

Mr. Arthur Henderson had said in a speech that he was convinced of the wisdom of England's entrance into the war by a Sunday afternoon's reading of the British Blue Book. "That is very typical of the man. Words convinced where deeds did not. He was not going to condemn the tiger because he saw it actually rending a lamb; that might be unjust to the tiger. But he could not resist affidavits from the official shepherds and an authoritative zoologist from South Kensington."

The essay on Viscount Northcliffe speaks of "that curiously arrogant shyness, that eagerness for power without responsibility, that passion for publicity and shrinking from its consequences, that make him at once the most and the least known man in English public life."

Superiority in Lord Curzon "is not an excrescence; it is an aroma. Like the musk in the mortar of St. Sophia at Constantinople, it is destined to last as long as the fabric. Whence Lord Curzon derives this superiority is his own secret." Such effective quotations thrown together might suggest perhaps a leaning toward clever superficiality. No more so than most records, or less perhaps. The delicacies of this wit rest on pretty strong information.

Mr. Raymond smiles at many things, but nobody in politics knows better than he how much those profundities who would play the game of ruling the world only blunder along and "get things transacted somehow." He knows their assumptions. He is always seeming to say to them like Cromwell to his Parliament, "For the love of Christ, gentlemen, I beseech you to think it possible you may be mistaken." He is full of generous praise and real enthusiasm, but he is no hero-worshipper, and the wit of these essays is sometimes like a bonfire into which a naughty boy has thrown a heap of cartridges. Out of the flash come wounds for many. Mr. Raymond brings to my mind one of Raphael's sayings: "Michelangelo," he said, "goes about the streets of Rome like an executioner." Uncentus taken to politics, urbane, knowing and sharp-eyed, a devil's note-book.

S. Y.

From Father to Son, by Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

FROM Father to Son begins quietly, observantly, and with a nice, winking humor that greatly reassures a wary reader. Very soon vigilance can relax into the comfortable feeling that here, at least, is somebody that isn't going to cheat. She may not have the great American message, but she has a human vision that enables her to see even the "little whorls of haircombings and furtive crumbs lurking under the heatingpipes" of a sleeping-car. It is with a pleasant blend of satire and charity that she sees the Rudd family and the Stillman family living in complex summer elegance at "Clear Harbor." These drug kings and railroad kings, their "resolutely slender" wives, diaphanous daughters, white flannel sons, genteel and ungenteel poor relatives, Mrs. Watts describes with delicate perfection. She has a certain tenderness for the inarticulate business man, mature only in his business, but on the whole she projects him and his family so fairly that one begins to believe that From Father to Son is going to be one true facet of America, that one's intelligence is safe with Mrs. Watts, that within her field she isn't going to cheat. This confidence is increased when she poses a real American problem. Steven Rudd, heir of the drug king, finds out accidentally that the family fortune was made by the criminal dishonesty of his grandfather. He storms to his father with this bomb, and is told not to be childish over something that can't be helped. Reparation? "I'm not going to discuss anything with you until you get into a frame of mind more nearly resembling sanity." And the elder Rudd goes to his office, and Steven bolts from his middle-western home to earn a thin living in a New York publishing house.

Here, certainly is a flesh and blood situation. One is eager to see how honest Mrs. Watts is going to solve this, and some minor familial troubles she has also raised. Bitterly it must be recorded. She rolls in a god on four wheels, hun-hating, pacifist-eating, the Great War. At its breath her hardy realities wither. The drunken poor relative dies happily in France. The elder daughter, married to a German officer, comes home and tells in a level voice about the unspeakable indignities that forced her to get a divorce, and she laves her soul in war work. The younger daughter, hitherto frivolously unappreciative of her good, young, wholesome, baby-loving, American husband, suddenly becomes "happy and devoted," a charming by-product of patriotism. Steven forgets the ill-gotten fortune, puts on a uniform, hastily marries a good little girl and brings her to his father, now a noble dollar-a-year man. All is syrupy reconciliation to the tune of Over There.

In the last line "the transport drops down the bay"—leaving at least one reader who will wait a long while before trusting Mrs. Watts again.

A Correction

WILLIAM C. BAGLEY was a former director of the School of Education at the University of Illinois and not at the University of Chicago as stated in our recent issue.

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